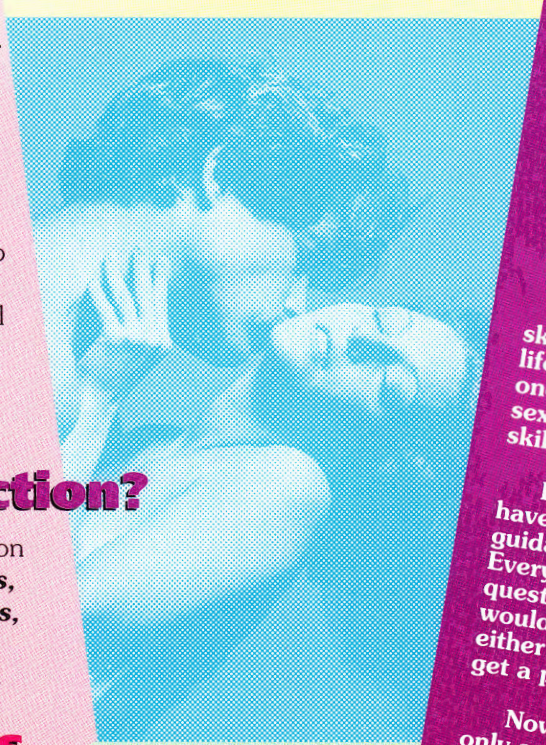

future sex
Asian Beauty
Premiere Issue
Cutting Edge Erotica
Electronic Masturbation
Coming on Company Time
Cyborg Love Slaves
3D Digital Orgasms: Virtual Reality Sex
New World Order In Adult Video
$4.95 / Canada $5.95
01
7 45068 80510 4

Erotic Adventures Await YOU!

With Sexual Aides From the Xandria Collection.

Today, people are interested in improving the quality of their lives...and exploring their own sensuality with options from the ***Xandria Collection.***

The most important aspect of satisfaction is trust. Trust us... thoughtful consideration goes into each product in the catalogue. Quality, value, and sensual appeal are all important elements, as are you, the customer.



What Is The Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very, special collection of sexual devices including ***lotions, lubricants, massage products, vibrators, dildos, harnesses, and erotic books and videos.***

When It Comes To Privacy!

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual products through the mail, we would like to offer you three things that might change your mind.

1. WE GUARANTEE YOUR PRIVACY.
Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential. Remember, we ***never*** sell, rent or trade any names.

2. WE GUARANTEE YOUR SATISFACTION.
If a product is unsatisfactory simply return it to us for a replacement or refund. No questions asked.

3. WE GUARANTEE THE PRODUCT YOU CHOOSE WILL KEEP GIVING YOUR PLEASURE.
Should it malfunction, simply return it to us and we'll send you a replacement.

WRITE TODAY. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

XANDRIA'S "900" ADVISOR

A TELEPHONE GUIDE TO SEXUAL PLEASURES

People just like you want to learn skills to achieve a more rewarding sex life. Contrary to popular opinion, no one is a *natural lover*. Advanced sexual lovemaking techniques require skills that can be learned.

For decades, experts on sexuality have been urging people to ask for guidance when they have a question. Every person alive today has some question, some concern about sex they would like to have resolved, but are either too shy or don't know where to get a professional, confidential answer.

Now professional sex information is only a phone call away! The *Xandria Collection* is pleased to announce a new way to discover more about the complex world of love and sex. Our 900-line instantly puts you in touch with up-to-date, non-judgmental, recorded information on the most often asked questions about sex.

Call
1-900-726-7890
Adults Only. $2.00 per minute.
Touch-tone phones only.

The Xandria Collection. Dept. X0492
P. O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, the Xandria Collection Gold Edition Catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for $4.00 which will be applied towards my first purchase. ($4 U.S.,$5 Can., £3 U.K.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

(signature required)

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., South San Francisco, 94080
Void where prohibited by law.

These programs does not contain sexually explicit material intended for sexual stimulation or arousal.

Future Sex

Premiere Issue

Contents



Crystal Ball Persuasion 3 *by Lisa Palac*



Lucid Sex Dreaming 4 *by Daryl E. Hewitt, M.A.*



Pleasure by the Numbers 6 *by Richard Kadrey*



Come Quick! 9 *by Jack Boulware*



Brave New Porn? 10 *by Laura Miller and Lisa Palac*

Getting Paid While You Get Laid 12 *by Jim Lipschorken*

Postcards 16 *by John Shirley*

Heavy Metal Sex Party 46 *by Gracie*



Natalie 27 *by Craig Morey*

Solange 40 *by Joe King*

Portfolio 52 *The Best Erotic Photographers*



Feel Track 34 *by Robert Hardin*

The Woman's Home Companion 57 *by St. Jude Milhon*

Depth Bomb 58 *by Jeff Coufal*



62

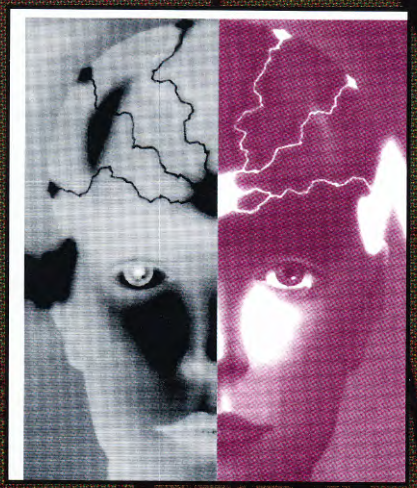


Nineties Foreplay 64 *by Kinney*

CRAIG MOREY

SMART PRODUCTS

The Future Of Nutrition Today.



Distributors Of Acclaimed Nutrition

MEMORY FUEL™, BLAST™, FAST BLAST, POWERMAKER II, THERMOGEN TEA, PERSONAL RADICAL SHIELD, And The Complete Line Of DURK PEARSON & SANDY SHAW DESIGNER FOODS™

Available at Fine Health Stores Everywhere

Special Offer For FUTURE SEX Readers

15% Off Reg. Price

Of All DURK PEARSON & SANDY SHAW DESIGNER FOODS

Please Mention This Ad When Ordering

(offer valid until 5/30/92)

To Receive Our Free Catalog And Newsletter, Or To Place Credit Card Orders, Call TOLL FREE:

1-800-[illegible]

(In San Francisco Bay Area Call 415-989-2500)

90% Of Orders Shipped Same Day If Placed Before 3 pm P.S.T.

AMERICAN EXPRESS · DISCOVER · MasterCard · VISA

SMART PRODUCTS • 870 Market Street, Suite 762 • San Francisco
FAX 415-981-3338 • Open For Walk In Service Mon-Fri



Publishers
Martin Leung, William Weiss

Editor
Lisa Palac

Contributing Editor
John Shirley

Contributing Writers
Jack Boulware, Jeff Coufal, Gracie, Robert Hardin, Daryl E. Hewitt, Richard Kadrey, Jim Lipschorken, St. Jude Milhon, Laura Miller, Marcy Sheiner

Art Direction
Robert F. Buckenmeyer
Nick Pavkovic
Robin Simmons

Contributing Photographers
Phyllis Christopher, Charles Gatewood, Joe King, Craig Morey, Annie Sprinkle, Ralph Steinmeier, H. David Story, Chuck Stevens

Cover
Craig Morey

Contributing Artists
George Riemann, Eric White, J. Kinney

Copy Editing
Keith Hammond

Creative Consultant
David Latimer

Advertising
Industria Media Group
415·775·9718

Special thanks to:
Susie Bright, Bart Nagel, Ron Gompertz, Michael Johnson, Kim Teevan, Allison Diamond, and Stuart at Top Copy Graphics.

Future Sex (ISSN 1061-6977) is published four times a year by Kundalini Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyright© 1992. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in part without permission from the publisher. Submission guidelines available upon request with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Submissions will not be returned unless accompanied by SASE.

Subscription rates: 5 issues for $19.95 U.S., Canada $24.95

1095 Market Street Suite 812
San Francisco, CA 94103
415·621·5496
FAX: 415·621·4946

CRYSTAL BALL PERSUASION

by Lisa Palac

What is the future of your sex life? Will a cyborg love slave service your every need? Will smart drugs give you guaranteed synapse-snapping orgasms? Or will you go online into a 3D digital environment and plug your fantasies into licensed software? Maybe you'll do it all and more—but not in the next 24 hours. The technology hasn't arrived yet, but the future is tomorrow.

Fantasies of future sex typically conjure up doing the groin-grind in zero gravity with some lizard-skinned alien who sucks us off into the fourth dimension. Personally, I think of Lee Majors. I close my eyes and see Lee undergoing his little electronic transformation at the beginning of *The Six Million Dollar Man*. A breathy voice tells me how they will make him stronger, faster, better-looking. Lee starts undressing me from miles away with his beaming bionic eye, then jumps up in extra-slow motion right into my bed. He grabs a fistful of my hair with his bionic hand and plays bodice-ripper with the other. Days later, I'm still trying to pull the plug on his bionic hard-on.



photo manipulation r.f. buckenmeyer

original bw photo Bill Weiss

WELCOME TO THE SEXUAL EVOLUTION.

High-performance interludes aside, the most popular demand for tomorrow's sex world is this: intelligence. And not the artificial kind. As my friend Cavra said, «What good is getting it on with androids if our own sexuality is as underdeveloped the Bulgarian space program?»

To promote the evolution of sexual intelligence, we've got to slay the two demons that keep us chained in the Cro-Magnon era: sexual guilt and shame. Until we stop feeling ashamed and embarrassed about our sexual desires, no smart aphrodisiac in the world will help. The only way to raise our erotic IQ is to come out of the X-rated closet and challenge the one-dimensional, boring, low-class trash in video stores and newsstands that's been passing itself off as quality erotica. Does this mean all the «good parts» will be eliminated? Will pornography become so superficially erotic that a grapefruit would be a bigger turn-on? No, no, no! Smut and sophistication are not mutually exclusive. We don't have to replace our erotic repertoire, just expand it.

And there's nothing like a good dose of high technology to get the erotic imagination popping. From videotape to *virtual reality* and every phone sex switchboard in between, computer science is changing the way we think about sex. The combination of sex and technology is rapidly turning us on to global village eroticism, and transforming sexual secrets into public discussions.

Of course, technology is only as good as its operators. No slab of silicon can replace the feeling of being completely desired by another human being. The sparkling wizardry of erototronics will quickly seem as ho-hum as boiling water in the microwave if it's seen as the apex, rather than the accessory.

So what's the future of *my* sex life? To explore the guilt-free zone of erotic infinity. And have a cyborgasm as soon as I can. X

LUCID SEX DREAMING

by Daryl E. Hewitt, M.A.

I was dreaming. In the dream, a very famous, very sexy blonde film star appeared, touring a campus which was the scene of the dream. Somehow she noticed me, and we ended up having a picnic on the lawn and talking. Eventually — in the dream — I realized that these events could not really be happening, that if I got this close to her in real life her bodyguards would probably beat the shit out of me. *I realized that I was dreaming.*

I asked her if she wanted to make love. She smiled and removed her blouse. Before long, we'd burned off the grass and scorched the ground where we had been sitting. It was absolutely fantastic! When I awoke in bed I was trembling with excitement.

Can you consciously have sex in a dream? Everyone has sexual dreams occasionally, but what if you could intentionally make love in a dream with whoever you desire, and have it seem completely real...all the way to orgasm?

It *can* be done. For twenty years I've had occasional lucid dreams, and for the past eight have helped study them at Stanford University with Dr. Stephen LaBerge. I'm an *oneironaut* — an explorer of the inner world of dreams — in the Sleep Laboratory. We study the psychology and physiology of lucid dreams, comparing them to non-lucid dreams and to the waking state. In the process we've developed a way to induce lucid dreams, so that we can study them while wired up to monitoring equipment. Once we become lucid in a dream, signal the technician by moving our eyes left-right-left-right. When carrying out an experiment in a lucid dream, we can mark the beginning and end with eye movement signals.

Does lucid dream sex have the same effects on the body as real sex? Yes. In studies done by Dr. LaBerge, a woman was fitted with electrodes to detect vaginal blood flow and muscle tension. When she became lucid in her dream, she signalled, found a man and had sex with him, cueing the beginning and end of the experience, which culminated in orgasm. The physiological measures indicated clearly that she in fact did have a genuine orgasm. Likewise, a man was fitted with a penile strain gauge and blood flow sensors. In the lucid dream he proceeded in a similar fashion, finding a woman and having sex, and experienced orgasm, which was verified by the sensors as real. When an adult man has a lucid dream orgasm, however, he does not actually ejaculate.



The possibilities are truly endless, in dreams of sex as well as other activities. For instance, in lucid dreams I fly like Superman, pass through walls and windows like a ghost, explore other planets, and have very moving

spiritual experiences...as well as enjoy encounters with stunningly attractive dream lovers.

I am not alone. An article in *Omni,* written by LaBerge and Dr. Jayne Gackenbach (another lucid dream researcher) brought us some 10,000 letters from people who had experienced lucid dreaming.

What is our method for inducing lucid dreaming? First, pick a period of two or three days and nights, especially around the weekend when you can sleep late. Then follow these steps:

DURING THE DAY

1. On the day before you want to dream lucidly, ask yourself, «Is this a dream?» at least 3 times. Look at something, note its features, then look away. Look at it again. Is it the same? Consider recent events and the stability of current perceptions. For instance, does the room stay the same shape and size?

You need to get into the habit of asking yourself whether you're dreaming or not. If you don't ask yourself whether your dreaming — while you're awake — you won't ask yourself during a dream.

2. After this reality check, imagine — as vividly as possible — that you really are *dreaming. See yourself in a dream and know that it is a dream. You might try squinting your eyes a little to make your surroundings appear blurry and dreamlike.*

3. Say to yourself, with emphasis, «I resolve that the next time I'm dreaming, I want to remember that I'm dreaming»

It helps to select some common event to remind you to run through the above steps; perform them whenever you use a key, or arrive home, etc. To help yourself remember when you've decided to perform them, *visualize:* see yourself recalling your intention and then acting on it.

BEFORE SLEEP

1. At bedtime, take a few minutes to thoroughly relax, by employing yoga or other stretching exercises.

2. Try to let the concerns of the day slip away. Breathe deeply and allow yourself to become more peaceful and calm with each exhalation.

3. Recall a recent dream, imagine yourself in it, and notice anything unusual or irregular which identifies it as a dream.

Remind yourself to be on the lookout for irregularities that will let you know you're dreaming. For instance, if you find that there are five women in bed with you, you intend to note the unusualness (for you, anyway) of that situation, and say to yourself, «This can't be happening. I must be dreaming»

4. Say to yourself, with strong intention, «Next time I'm dreaming, I want to remember to recognize that I'm dreaming» Repeat this intention a number of times.

UPON AWAKENING FROM A DREAM

1. Don't move a muscle for a minute or two in order to more easily remember your dream. Then bring yourself to a fully awake state. Carefully remember and memorize the details and feelings of your dream.

2. Turn on the light and read for five or ten minutes.

This will help you become fully awake and bring your higher mental faculties into play.

3. When you are ready to fall asleep again, say to yourself, «Next time I'm dreaming, I want to remember to recognize that I'm dreaming» As vividly as you can, visualize your body lying in bed, asleep. Notice your eyes moving back and forth rapidly behind closed lids, showing that you are dreaming. See yourself in the dream you rehearsed and realize you are dreaming.

The more you rehearse the dream over and over again, the better.

4. Repeat your intention again: *«Next time I'm dreaming, I'll remember to recognize that I'm dreaming»*

Sure, there's some work involved in lucid dreaming, but it's worth the effort. When you succeed you'll find that you can do anything you want in your dreams — with nearly full awareness.

For further information on lucid dreaming, read *Lucid Dreaming: The Power of Being Awake and Aware in Your Dreams* and *Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming,* both by Dr. Stephen LaBerge (Ballantine), or write to The Lucidity Institute, P.O. Box 2364, Stanford, California 94309.

DARYL E. HEWITT, *who lives in San Francisco, holds an* M.A. *in Counseling and works as a Research Assistant with Dr. Stephen LaBerge and The Lucidity Institute. He has appeared in* Life, Psychology Today, *on television, in various books on dreams, and lectures on lucid dreaming in the* U.S. *and Europe.*



Pleasure By The Numbers

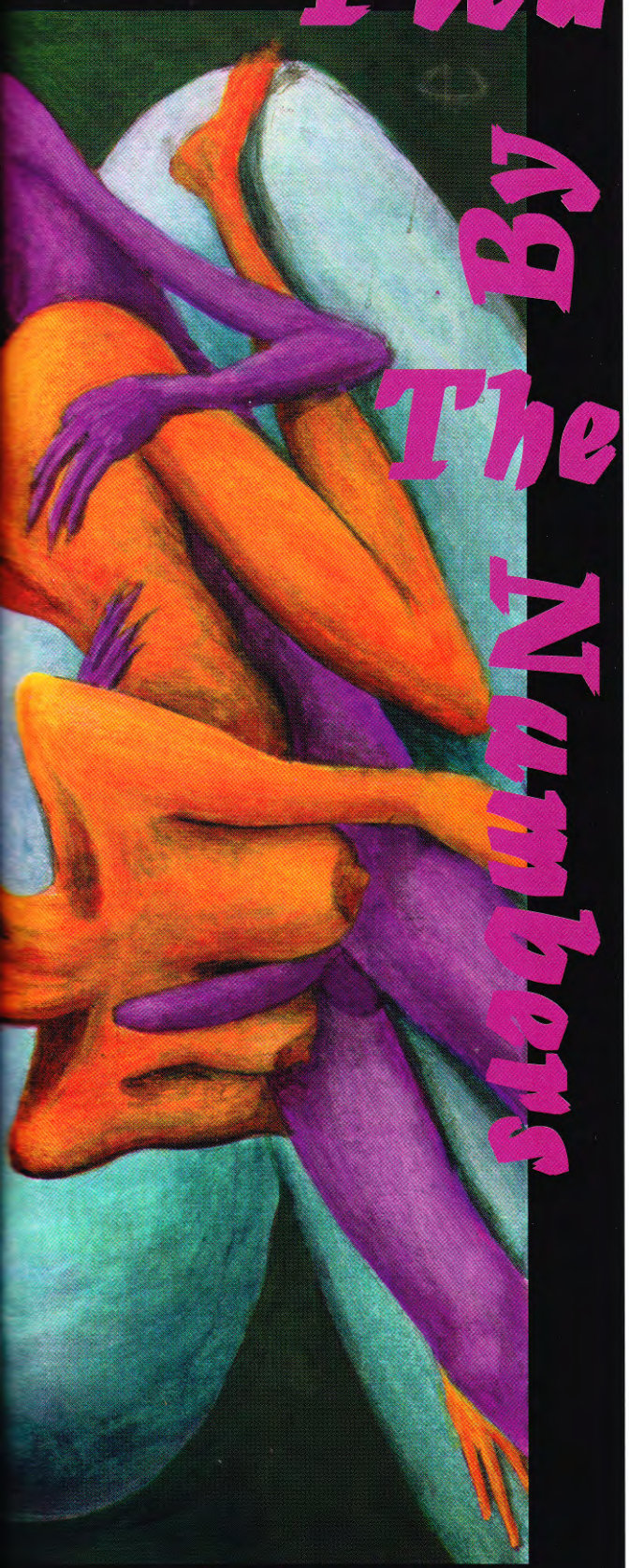


illustration by eric white

by Richard Kadrey

The Brit on the couch has skin like chrome, sweat like molten metal. A German hermaphrodite is going down on her, working his/her forked tongue in circles and stabs around her cunt. You've just flown in from Los Angeles and like the old joke, your wings are tired. So you shake the rain from them as a Danish lamia wraps her serpent's tail around you, pulling your face close to hers. Boticelli-perfect lips part, revealing white, needle-like fangs. You take a deep breath, and as the lamia strokes your crotch, your genitalia flash maroon then turquoise, registering excitement and danger...

No, this isn't a vision brought on by some aphrodisiac / hallucinogen combo, it's one of the infinite possibilities that will be available to us with the advent of a new technology known as *virtual reality*.

Virtual reality (VR) is a three-dimensional environment generated by a computer. Wearing headgear that projects video images through custom wrap-around lenses, your peripheral vision is saturated while stereo sound is pumped in. A data glove interfaces with the computer to read your hand movements and provide a sense of direction in the virtual world. Today moving through this world is like being submerged in a crude cartoon because the technology is still in a larval stage. But when it matures, the best virtual environments will be effectively indistinguishable from real-life environments.

Currently VR is little more than a shiny toy for the military and computer entrepreneurs, but this kind of mind-bending technology can't be kept in purdah for long. When VR comes on-line in your living room, digital sex will become a reality, and everything will change.

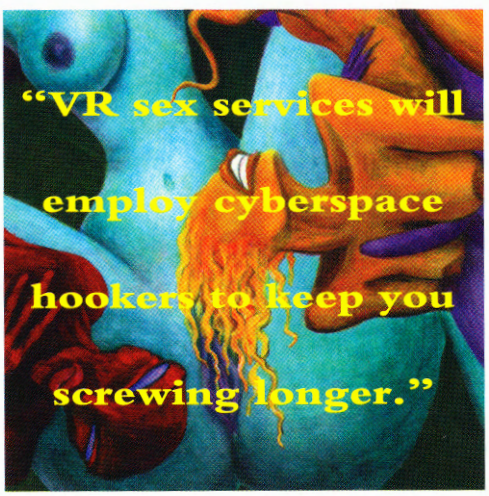
The advantages of VR sex are many. It's the ultimate in safe sex: no HIV virus and no reason to be shy about trying out a new fetish. Making it with someone of the same sex, fisting, golden showers, S/M—all will be available safely and with any degree of anonymity (or exposure!) you want.

In fact, you won't even have to be you. You won't have to be the sex you were born—you could be either sex, or a combination of the two. You won't necessarily even have to be human. Give yourself wings, a snake's body, or go completely inorganic. For instance, how would it feel being the vibrator between your lover's legs?

With the unlimited ecstasy dreams VR offers, passive sex entertainments like porn videos will quickly lose their appeal. Why watch when you can participate? And even if watching is your

turn-on, why watch from some bad director's point of view when you can watch from the point of view of the bed, the ceiling, the dildo, the chair in the corner, or the entire room?

VR sex software will feature scenarios with a variety of sex celebrities from the adult film industry, and no doubt bootlegs featuring pirated and digitized scenes with Hollywood stars like Michelle Pfeiffer and Mel Gibson. Prices will be based on how "interactive" the scene is, how much control you will actually have. The cheapest will be the scenes where like a loa entering a voodoo practitioner's body, you're simply riding in the skin of someone in the scene, participating, but with little control over what you do. The most expensive scenes, in terms of price and processing power, will be the ones where you have complete control: doing the fucking, being fucked by, and directing the other member(s) of the scene.



You will enter this virtual sex world by donning a data suit. Imagine a skin-tight lycra bodysuit with thousands of sensors built in; some will read your body movements and others will respond. These are called feedback mechanisms and are an essential part of virtual sex.

The feedback mechanisms are the biggest stumbling blocks to experiencing virtual sex. They're the important link that will allow you to feel and touch in sexspace. Today's crude feedback devices, however, can't tell much difference between steel and skin. Another problem with moving VR from the realm of work (its original applications were military) into the realm of play is that only a few of our senses have been addressed. Sight is handled by video projectors built into the VR headgear and hearing with stereo headphones, but two other major components of sex, taste and smell, have yet to be dealt with. These senses could be stimulated with the introduction of aerosol mechanisms built into separate nose and mouth masks that would constantly coat the tongue and nasal passages with pheromone and taste-laden mists. With all this extra gear on board, the VR suit itself will take on the look and feel of the most exotic bondage ware.

Digital sex will have the same sort of access curve as ordinary sex toys. For years, anyone wanting dildos, vibrators, or other sex toys had to go to greasy little downtown adult bookstores and settle for surreal pink—always pink—cylinders that were vaguely genital-shaped in the same way that a cow is vaguely Cadillac-shaped. Now you can go into shops like San Francisco's Good Vibrations or The Pleasure Chest in Chicago and stroll out with well-crafted, high quality sex paraphernalia, and not even want to boil your shoes after walking on floor. Until a sophisticated sex toy store opens up for the cyberspace world, VR sex hardware will spawn its own dick-enlargers-in-the-back-of-the-magazine kind of underground. But in the global marketplace of the next century, no consumer need will go unfilled for long. You'll see ads in places like *Byte* and *Computer Shopper* offering Malaysian and Thai clones of domestic sex hardware with better access times and smaller price tags.

Broad-bandwidth fiber optic telecommunications will make real-time international sex a reality. When enough glass wiring goes in the ground to allow transmission of very high density data, you will be able to dial into a group sex scene the way you can now call group chat lines. These fiber optic lines will carry VR data back and forth in real time to allow you to enter, participate and exit the scene at will. Like party lines that employ shills to keep you talking longer, dial-up VR sex services will employ cyberspace hookers to keep you screwing longer. Hopefully, some kind of automatic timed exit device will be built in or you could be looking at a phone bill that reads like the gross national product of Paraguay.

Like the tele-orgy you flew into at the beginning of this article, the people you're playing with may not even be on the same continent; some may not even be on the Earth when space stations become common. Somewhere in the virtual boudoir, it might be interesting if the flags of all the participating orgiasts were displayed.

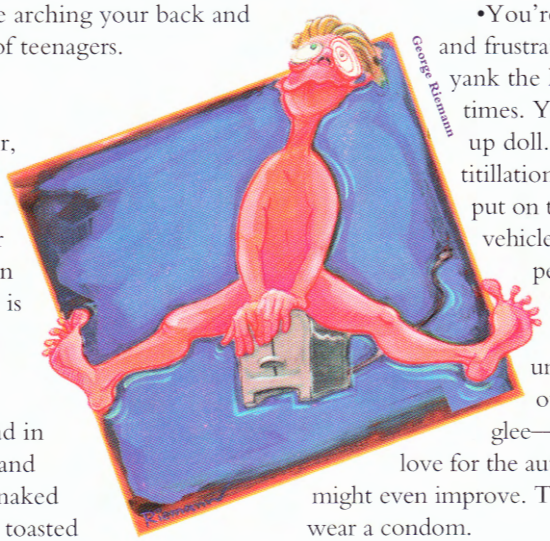
All these things, alas, are still just wet dreams of the future. Yet the big question people have already started asking is: With all the possibilities waiting for us in virtual sexspace, will VR sex replace skin on skin sex? The answer is no. Like all radical technological advances, VR will not replace all the Old Stuff with all New Stuff, but will open new and unforeseen worlds of possibility and experimentation. After all, good sex isn't turned out by machines, it's made by hand. X

COME QUICK!

by Jack Boulware

What used to give us a quick sex fix—substance abuse, racy photos, suggestive foods, revealing clothing, vibrators powered by a car cigarette lighter, spying on your neighbors through binoculars, or poking a piece of metal through your genitals—has become boring, boring, boring. Besides, who carries around that crap with them all day long? Jesus, let's get to the point! WE WANT TO GET OFF NOW!

Look, there are plenty of times during the average day when you can give yourself an instant buzz in the dirty parts. Whether at home, on your way to work, or waltzing around town running errands, you can learn to access the immediate world around you. Follow this handy erotic jumpstart guide, and you'll soon be arching your back and squealing like a Tilt-A-Whirl full of teenagers.



•You've just exited the shower, standing in your kitchen in a towel, with only minutes to dress and get out the door to begin your day. But you're horny. Like a cat in heat with its butt to the sun. Time is of the essence. Look around the room and make use of what you have.

Place two pieces of sliced bread in your toaster. Remove your towel and squat over the slots, offering your naked bum to the demon appliance. The toasted bread pops up, accompanied by an intense burst of hot air, daring to intrude into your sacred Valley. Hello! Doesn't it feel...naughty? You bet it does! You may wish to rinse off before dressing, for maximum post-toast comfort.

This works well for any old sexual preference. Anyone with a butt, really. Yet maybe you're looking for something specifically muff-oriented:

•You're riding public transit on your way to work. You're so hot you're ready to spray every doorway on the light rail train. Humping the pole? Rubbing up against the person in front of you? Been there, done that. You want something new. As you board the car, ask the driver if you may sit directly on the fare box. Plop yourself right on top of the thing, hike up your skirt, and watch the constant thrusting of hands in the direction of your crotch! Good morning, everyone! Of course, the driver's gonna be watching pretty closely. But what else does he have to do? It's a goddamn train—the thing drives itself.

•Coming home from the grocery store, your car experiences a mechanical problem. At the service station, the local gearhead opens the hood to inspect the engine. The car's busted, but you're raring to go. You need release, so improvise, improvise! Without a moment to lose, dig out a fresh cucumber (a thin eggplant will also do nicely), wrap a few strands of copper wire around it and insert the device into your Grotto of Grind. Then, while the mechanic's head is turned (or not) carefully touch the end of the wire to the positive post of your car's battery. Cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs! The stench of burnt pubic hair is your sign to break the contact and grab your breath, but such fun while it lasts!

Vulva-owners are not the only sexoids desiring an instant mambo. What if you possess a penis (or reasonable fascimile)?

•You're sitting in heavy traffic. The tension and frustration is unbelievable. You long to yank the howie, but you've done it a zillion times. You're without a pocket pal or blow-up doll. No external form of legitimate titillation. Be resourceful, guys! Stop your car, put on the flashers, walk to the rear of the vehicle, drop trou and thrust your raging penis deep into the nether regions of your gas tank hole. You might need lubrication, especially with the unleaded size, but once you're in, let out a big yahoo and pump away with glee—you're exhibiting your true American love for the automobile! Who knows, your mileage might even improve. To avoid lead poisoning, it's best to wear a condom.

•You're walking through a city park, eating a sandwich on your lunch break. Ahead of you are two dogs hoofing away on the grass. Any species in a storm, you say to yourself. For a moment you consider bestiality. You could get down on all fours and scuttle up for some sloppy seconds, but it's not enough. You lure one of the strays away and sneak it into your office. Quickly, you drink several cups of coffee, and when the natural effects of the liquid have sufficiently worked their way to your colon, you grab the mutt and head for the men's room. Parking yourself on the commode, you smear your member into the leftover remnants of your sandwich and introduce it to your new friend. As salvos of white-hot java lava come blasting out of your ass, watch Bowser go to town on your tool. Is this vulgar, you ask? Well, you're still reading, aren't you?

These suggestions may not give you a new lease on life, but what the hell—they only take a few minutes. Just remember: home is where the toast is. X

BRAVE NEW

The adult video industry may not have class, but it can always count on mankind's eternal interest in sex to keep the cash registers ringing and the producers in cigars, right? Wrong. According to a recent informal survey by *Adult Video News,* the industry is facing declining sales, rentals and profits, and if somebody doesn't do something fast, filmmakers may find themselves standing in line for unemployment right next to Mikhail Gorbachev.

Women and couples—now close to 40 percent of the rental market—have always complained about video porn's lack of sensitivity and imagination, but now adult video's traditional male market is mutinying, too. Fed up with formulaic "plots," charisma-free stars and lowbrow aesthetics, the guys are voting with their wallets and finally forcing the industry to try something new.



Courtesy of Caballero Home Video

House of Dreams

And not just new. Porn consumers, according to AVN, are demanding *better* as well. (Although given the caliber of today's average adult video, almost any change would be an improvement). The bedrock market for adult video is echoing the time-honored Holy Trinity of complaints about sex movies: bad scripts, lousy acting and crummy production values.

Director Andrew Blake has made the easiest—and cheapest—improvement: upping production values. He gave video porn a complete visual makeover with his best-selling 1989 video *Night Trips* (Caballero Home Video). Quickly followed by the virtually identical *Night Trips II, House of Dreams* and *Secrets, Night Trips* is a full-blown example of Blake's signature style.

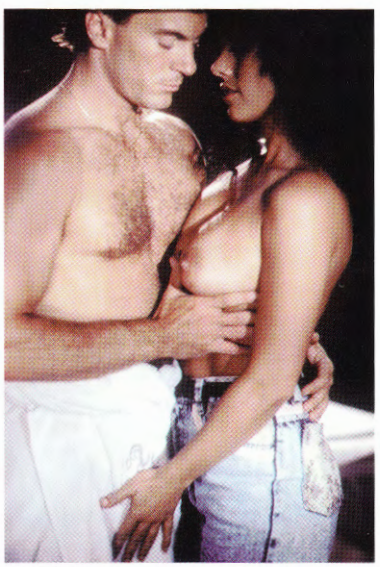
Simply by shooting on 35mm film and investing attention in lighting and cinematography, Blake has created movies that look lightyears better than the average porn video. A typical Blake film features performers like Zara Whites—a slender, "European" model type with a curveless bod and pincushion lips—rather than the bleached and teased bimbettes of most adult movies. Female viewers are courted with handsome, tanned, muscular male actors. Dressed in the height of L.A. elegance, the performers frolic amidst sleek consumer goods: everything from minimalist Malibu condos to Mercedes limos to cellular phones.

It isn't hard to detect Blake's main influence: MTV. His movies are plotless strings of isolated sex scenes, as unconnected as a series of music videos. Even more striking is the complete absence of dialog. By dispensing with plot and dialog, Blake sidesteps those two age-old porn problems, bad acting and stupid scripts. The result? Erotica that's dreamy and very, very pretty—in an '80s kinda way; a hardcore cross-breeding of Victoria's Secret and The Sharper Image. In other words, catalog porn.

What Blake's movies *don't* generate is sexual tension or heat. All the stuff that makes sex hot—resistance, seduction, surrender, even lust itself—have been airbrushed away. Blake's wordless performers wear Ray-Bans while they fuck in elaborate, stylized poses. The refreshingly glossy images may capture your attention, but watch one or two of these scenes and you've seen it all. Sit through a 90 minute feature and you'll know the meaning of the word monotony. Nevertheless, Blake's good-looking cinematic style is still a rare find in realm of adult films.

But Blake isn't the only director pushing the envelope of the adult formula. Veteran porn star turned director Paul Thomas has come up with at least one winner. His 1989 film, *The Masseuse*—rightly described as "a complete departure" by its distributor—breaks new ground in sexually explicit cinema.

The Masseuse (Vivid Video) tells the story of a male librarian, a virgin, who visits a massage parlor in search of his first sexual experience. He soon becomes infatuated with the beautiful masseuse who deflowers him. When he tries to transform their relationship from professional to personal, she rebuffs him, and he's forced to admit that he's built his romantic castles on air.



Courtesy of Vivid Video

The Masseuse

While most adult videos create a "pornutopia," where everybody is always ready, willing and able, *The Masseuse* hasn't got a single unlikely sex scene. No nymphomaniacal strangers, no guiltless adulteries, no impromptu fivesomes. The masseuse and the

PORN ?

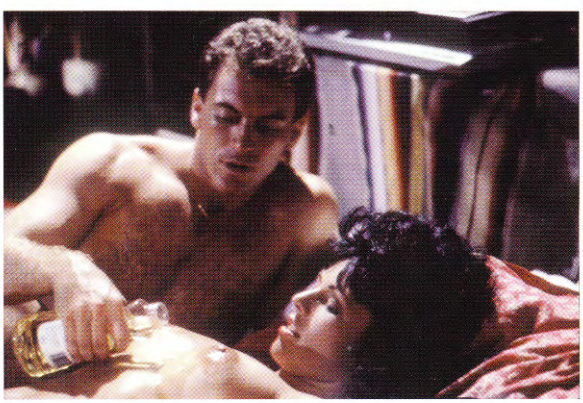
By Laura Miller
and Lisa Palac

librarian fuck only each other, and they're the only characters that fuck. This sort of relationship-oriented realism often gets labeled "couple's erotica," but *The Masseuse* runs deeper than feel-good affirmations of the heterosexual couple.

The Masseuse is a movie *about* sex, rather than just a movie with sex in it. Sex is important—and dangerous—because it can change our lives, because we can mistake it for love, because we can delude ourselves that one particular person holds the key to our sexual satisfaction. All of this happens to *The Masseuse's* librarian hero; he's a different man by the end of the film. By turns he is curious, wondering, thrilled and pushy, while the masseuse is patient, occasionally responsive, wary and careful to keep her emotional distance. As the characters change, so does the flavor of each sex scene.

"It's time we faced the facts: lousy pornography is a social disease."

Countless Hollywood movies have dealt with the transformative powers, for better or worse, of sex; remember



Courtesy of Vivid Video

The Masseuse

Last Tango in Paris, Body Heat and *Henry and June*? But mainstream movies can't show us sex itself. Traditional porn, on the other hand, turns the arena of sexuality into a gigantic playpen: limitless fantasy fulfillment with zero consequences. Both approaches have their value, but *The Masseuse* stakes out new territory by depicting sex explicitly *and* meaningfully.

But does *The Masseuse* point toward a bright new future for video porn or is it, as some of our industry contacts suggest, merely a fluke? If his recent work is any indication, Thomas has dropped the torch. In his latest effort *In Defense of Savannah,* Thomas tackles the serious issue of governmental attacks on the adult industry with wit and style, but the plot isn't much more than a device to string together the usual, cheerfully preposterous sex scenes.

With an increasingly sophisticated audience clamoring for better sex films, why are adult filmmakers suffering from what seems like an incurable case of clay feet? It's too easy for us to dismiss the entire industry as a bunch of uninspired sleazeballs with a wave of our superior, lily-white hands. It's time we faced the facts: lousy pornography is a social disease.

Adult video is the only entertainment industry where no one earns points for artistic merit. The director of an independently produced "legit" film may not turn big profits, but if he or she creates something exceptional, critics and art house audiences will supply admiration and moral support. Society, however, refuses to entertain the notion of a porn *auteur.* If it's sexually explicit, the assumption goes, it must be trash at best and, at worst, hideously degrading. Of the many, many people who want quality adult entertainment, very few are willing to publicly challenge this stereotype.

Gifted actors, writers and directors want to see their talent and hard work recognized, but the straightjacket stigma attached to the sex business scares them away. If all the industry has to offer is money, why do we complain when those who remain are unimaginative, greedy cowards?



Courtesy of Caballero Home Video

House of Dreams

Fortunately, the audience for adult video is so hungry for something new that innovation and the profit motive aren't necessarily mutually exclusive. Quality adult videos do make money. Viewers gobbled up the work of Andrew Blake, and our San Francisco retailer tells us that he can't keep *The Masseuse* in stock—three years after its release.

But good adult filmmakers require more than our dollars, they need our applause, too. As long as the growing audience for sexually explicit cinema remains closeted about its interests, it will get the pornography it deserves: furtive, second-rate and dull.

X

Getting Laid While You Get Paid: The Coming Worker's Revolution

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

by Jim Lipschorken

You're a single woman, a partner in your firm, and you've had to fight every step of the way to keep your edge in the oldboy networks that rule the corporate world. No time for dating, forget about raising a family; all those things must wait until you're sure your success is final, that everything is stable and secure. Meanwhile, your performance has gained you the unenviable but inevitable reputation of an ice queen, a frigid bitch, unapproachable. What good is all the aerobic training that keeps your body slim and strong when you're never secure enough to let down your guard—when you never dare reveal your inner desires? For the truth is, you're as ferocious a lover as you are a businesswoman. But it's been too long since you've explored that part of yourself. Something has to give. Money and security can't satisfy your passion. You're like a ticking timebomb, and when you explode you might take your whole career down with you as you go. It seems hopeless. There's always too much work to get done—never any time for yourself, no room for pleasure.

Until now.

You look up from your calendar book to find that a vaguely familiar, strikingly handsome young man has come silently into your office. Even now he locks the door behind him and turns to face you, offering one dark red rose.

He's here to defuse that timebomb.

A touch of a button, and electric levellors drop across the plate glass walls. The sounds of the office instantly recede. He comes right to you, lays the rose against your lips, a cool touch of petals, begins to draw it slowly down your throat, a sharp edge of thorn lightly dragging on your skin. The perfume fills your head. As his strong arms circle round you, you let your eyes close—you begin to let go. He presses you back against your wide, curved desk. One of his hands is already sliding up under your sheathlike skirt while the other deftly undoes the huge buttons of your tight-cut jacket and slides inside to cover your breast, squeezing a nipple

as his mouth fastens on your neck. You wriggle back onto the desk, finding perfect handholds in its odd contours that allow you to keep a good grip while you wrap your legs around him and draw him close. Strangely, the desk seems designed for just this purpose.

You can feel his cock straining through his pants, separated from you by only the thinnest bit of fabric. Somehow, as he massages your clit with his thumb, working you to a wet lather, he slips you completely out of your panties—and then he's unzipping, and there's nothing between you. The head of his cock teases the lips of your cunt; you strain to pull yourself onto him, but he backs away, ducks down, and instead it's his tongue that first plunges into you, swirling over your labia, sucking at your clit, opening you completely as his hands part your thighs.

Then he's lifting you, your legs still wrapped around his head, lifting you off the desk and quickly into your executive chair. He knows how to use all those adjustment levers that never made sense to you. The chair rolls back, padded arms rise up, and you find yourself perfectly positioned for his penetration. As the last of your Dress For Success outfit drifts to the floor alongside his, the two of you begin to move gymnastically through positions you never knew were possible—almost in defiance of gravity. One moment he thrusts into you from behind, and suddenly he cartwheels around to present his cock, which you devour while he's licking and sucking you inside and out; and then, like Steelcase origami, the chair unfolds into a different position. You're above him, then below, fucked from every angle. You always knew it was a comfortable chair, but you never realized it could do all this!

The long executive afternoon spins on like an erotic kaleidoscope, and when your lover finally peels himself away and goes back into the halls as silently as he came, you feel renewed, reassured, a tigress again. You may not have found your life's mate yet, but there's no need to rush it. You've got the energy to hold out as long as you wish. And besides—your career gives you everything you need.

* * * * * * * * * * *

This scenario, while seemingly far-fetched, may not be as fantastic as you think. A sexual revolution is already at work in the marketplace—and it goes beyond mere Affirmative Action. Corporations have long sought the means of turning their employees into creative, high-performance human engines—not merely dull little worker drones who give minimum return for

maximum bucks. Employee incentive seminars have focused on every technique from firewalking (develops endurance) to astral projection (shatter stress with coffee-break vacations). It was inevitable that finally the most basic element of our nature would find a place in the work environment.

Anyone who has ever worked a corporate job knows that much of any day is spent in frustration, bitterness, and depression, as one considers all the other places they'd rather be, all the other things they might have done with their lives. A tension builds up that interferes with productivity and clear thinking, and which may even lead eventually to deliberate sabotage.

As Wilhelm Reich demonstrated, such emotional tension is invariably linked to our sexuality, which is the essence of our being; Reich also pointed out that no matter what the apparent cause of stress, it can be relieved instantly through therapeutic orgasm.

Visionary job-efficiency consultants have begun to apply these insights to the most common forms of workaday stress. Advanced consultants now recommend that employees be allowed—even urged—to pursue active sexual lives on the iob. Since caffeine consumption has been demonstrated to actually increase stress and tension, these advisors are suggesting that the traditional coffee-break be replace with a "quickie-break."

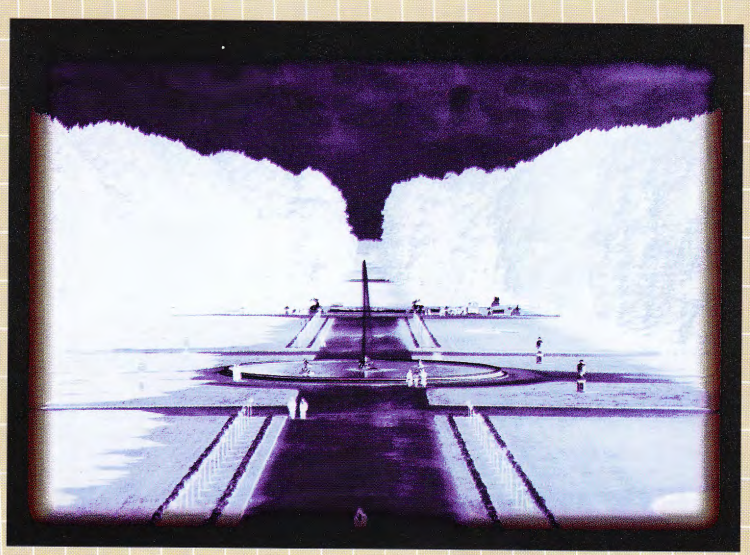
You're a young male on the corporate ladder—high enough up that the mailroom is a horrible dim memory, but still a seemingly infinite distance from the rarified upper atmosphere where executives frolic. It's 2:00 on a Tuesday afternoon. You've been back from lunch for an hour, with another three to go. You're sleepy from too many super-burritos. Your desk is

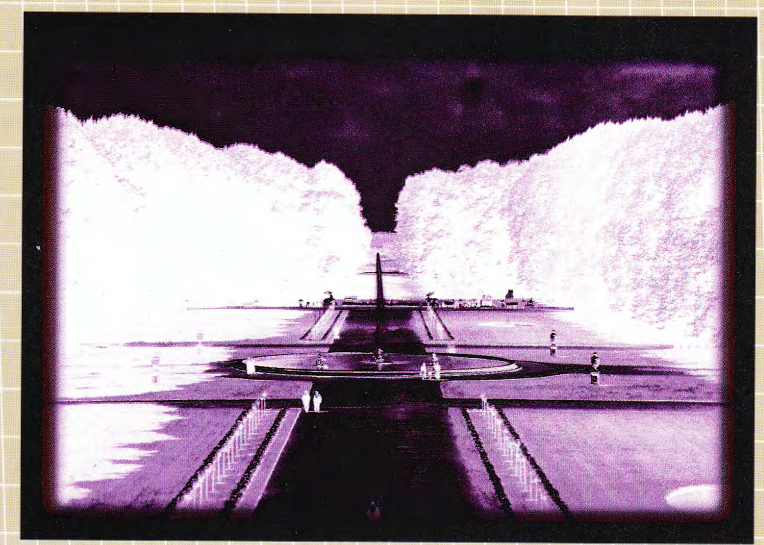
piled with papers, none of them urgent enough to keep you alert; and yet if you neglect them too long, you'll fall behind, you'll slip back down that ladder where the mailroom waits like the mouth of Hell. You can't get any reception on your radio, and all your friends have jobs where they can't use the phone.

God, how you hate this job....
And then, under the desk, you feel a tickling sensation along the inside of your calves, as of fingers creeping up your trouser legs, past your DressPort wingtips, tugging on your Ralph Lauren knee-hi stretch stockings. You feel a gentle hand at your crotch, and your zipper quietly unzips. Suddenly you're wide awake.

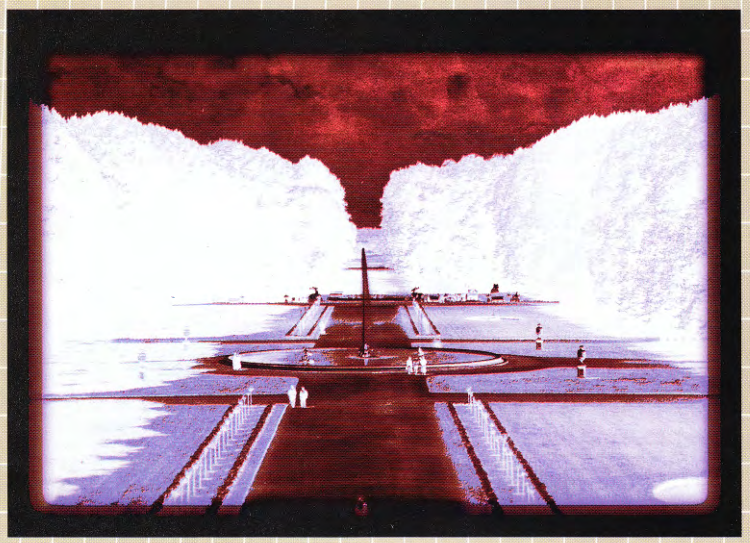
A warm breath enters your fly, inflating your briefs, tickling the hair of your balls. Blood surges into your cock as invisible fingers tease it out of your pants. Lacquered nails run along the sides of the shaft, sending shivers through your body, nearly making you knock over a teetering stack of reports. You loosen your tie. A wet tongue dabs at the tip of your cock, daintily at first, as if sampling an ice cream cone; but then the tongue swirls over the whole swollen head, and the next thing you know a tight mouth is gorging itself and you're completely swallowed. Boredom is the farthest thing from your mind. You let your hands stray under the desk and work your fingers into the soft hair of your office mistress, caressing her head as she sucks and slurps with greater suction, until your legs stiffen, you push back in your ergonomic office chair, moaning as she purrs and then you burst—tension and deadlines completely forgotten as you shoot your load and she gulps it down. The phone rings. You catch your breath. Under the desk the gentle hands are patting you dry, zipping you up. You pick up your phone, a smile in your voice, eager to please, refreshed and relaxed. "Good afternoon," you say, and you mean it.

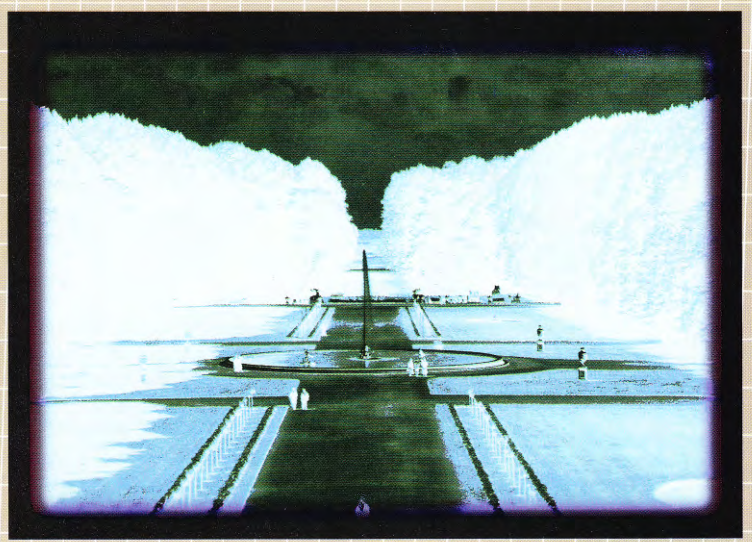
God, how you love this job!





Post



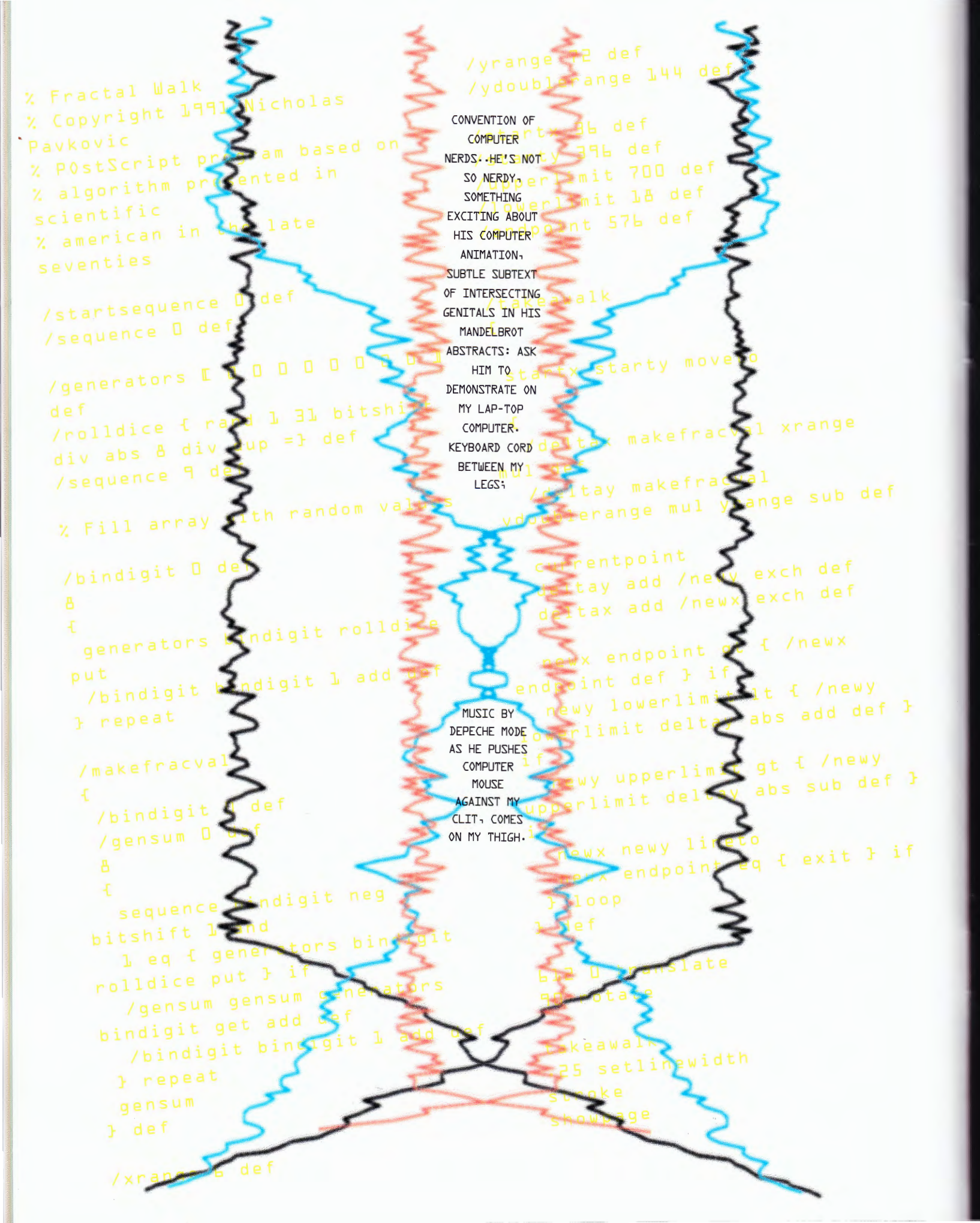


Cards

Schlomo . . . really do wish
hand. French girl in Paris
bang fantasy; she had us all
her mouth, one of us under
up behind her, another
dick. . . . never saw their
them speaking Arabic. Me,
mixed with Arab emu on

you were here for her empty park living outdoors gang-
meet her on path, one of us in
where she doggies, another
kneeling, her hand on his
faces in the dark. two of
Israeli; my Israeli emu
her tits.




CONVENTION OF COMPUTER NERDS. HE'S NOT SO NERDY, SOMETHING EXCITING ABOUT HIS COMPUTER ANIMATION, SUBTLE SUBTEXT OF INTERSECTING GENITALS IN HIS MANDELBROT ABSTRACTS: ASK HIM TO DEMONSTRATE ON MY LAP-TOP COMPUTER. KEYBOARD CORD BETWEEN MY LEGS;
MUSIC BY DEPECHE MODE AS HE PUSHES COMPUTER MOUSE AGAINST MY CLIT, COMES ON MY THIGH.

MISS YOU. WISH YOU WERE HERE TO GO DOWN ON THESE THAI GIRLS WHILE I FEED THEM MONEY AND MY DICK. THEY ACTUALLY SEEM TO LIKE IT: THIRD WORLD SURVIVAL TRAIT.

WISH YOU WERE HERE. SEXUAL EXPLOITATION VACATION. NEXT, 3M COMES TO GETHER.

THREE AT ONCE, CHEAP. LITERAL GUILT WASHED OUT IN 9122. MISS YOU, MY

87-368
JAPAN
FORGED ALLOY STEE



Judy and I on cruise ship, two seriously tense girls around all these men who couldn't squeeze goo out of a toothpaste tube…but we went down to engine room, Angela, found the greasy engineers working in diesel heat down there, ordered champagne and came up all black with grease. Rigid tools, Angela… Now that's relaxing.



Venus

WOMEN AT BOSTON PROSTHETIC FITTING CLINIC

SURPRISINGLY WILLING TO RUB STUMPS ON GENITALS:

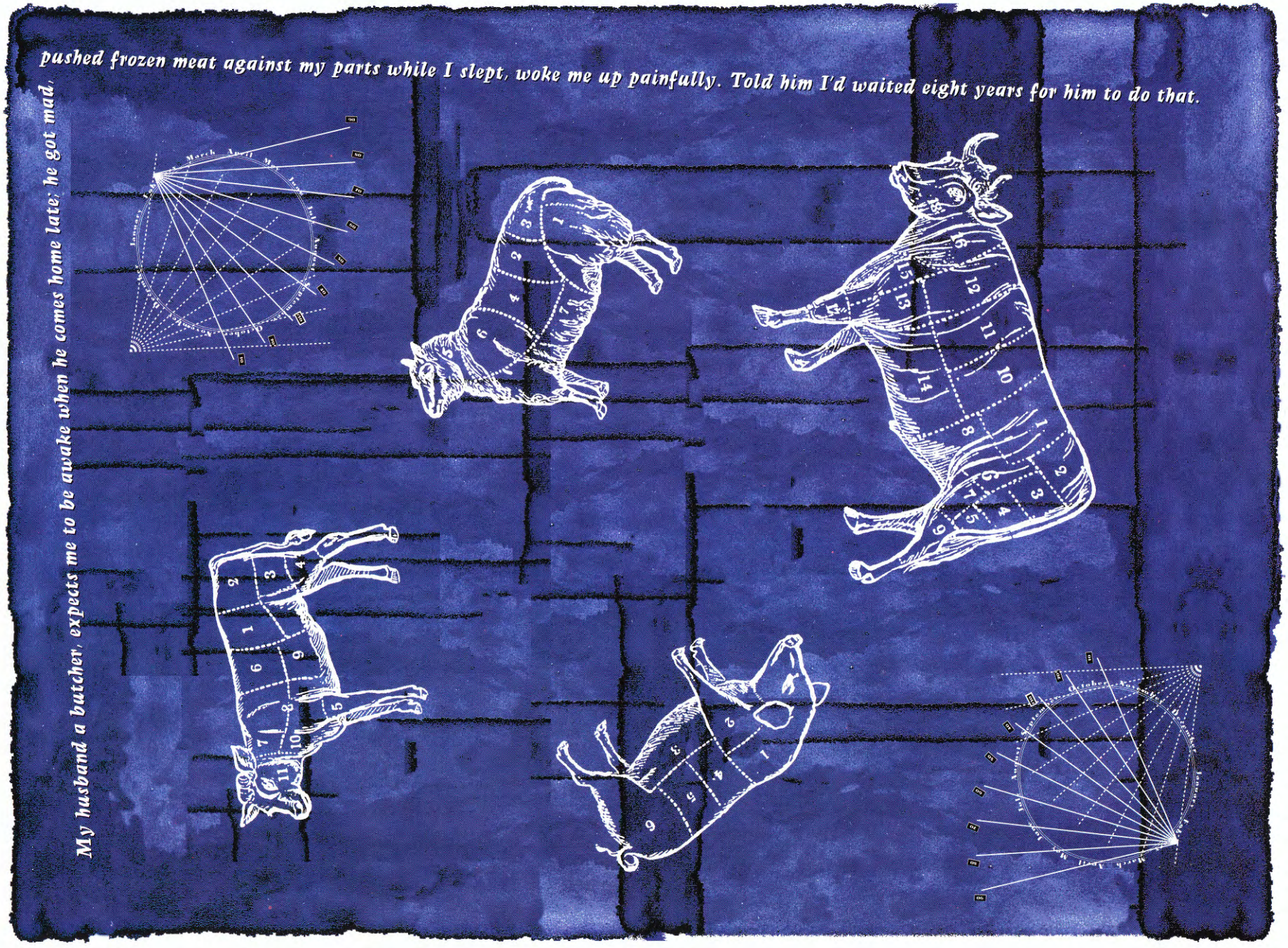
MAY GET FIRED FROM ORDERLY JOB; WORTH IT, EXQUISITE

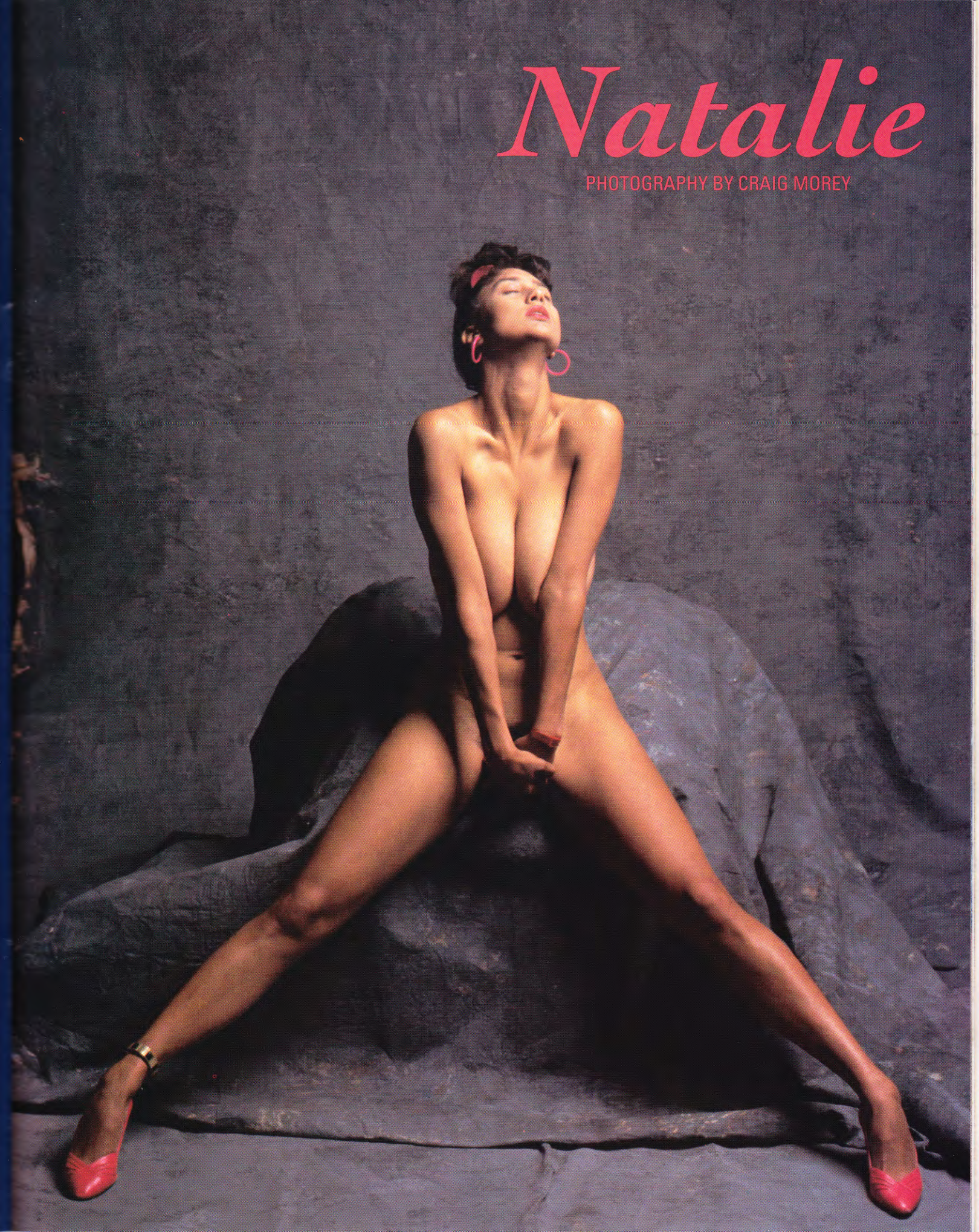
STREAMLINING OF LIMB INTO SEXUAL SIGNIFIER,

TRUNCATED STUMP NERVE ENDS SEEM TO PLUG DIRECTLY

INTO MY COCK NERVE CLUSTER:

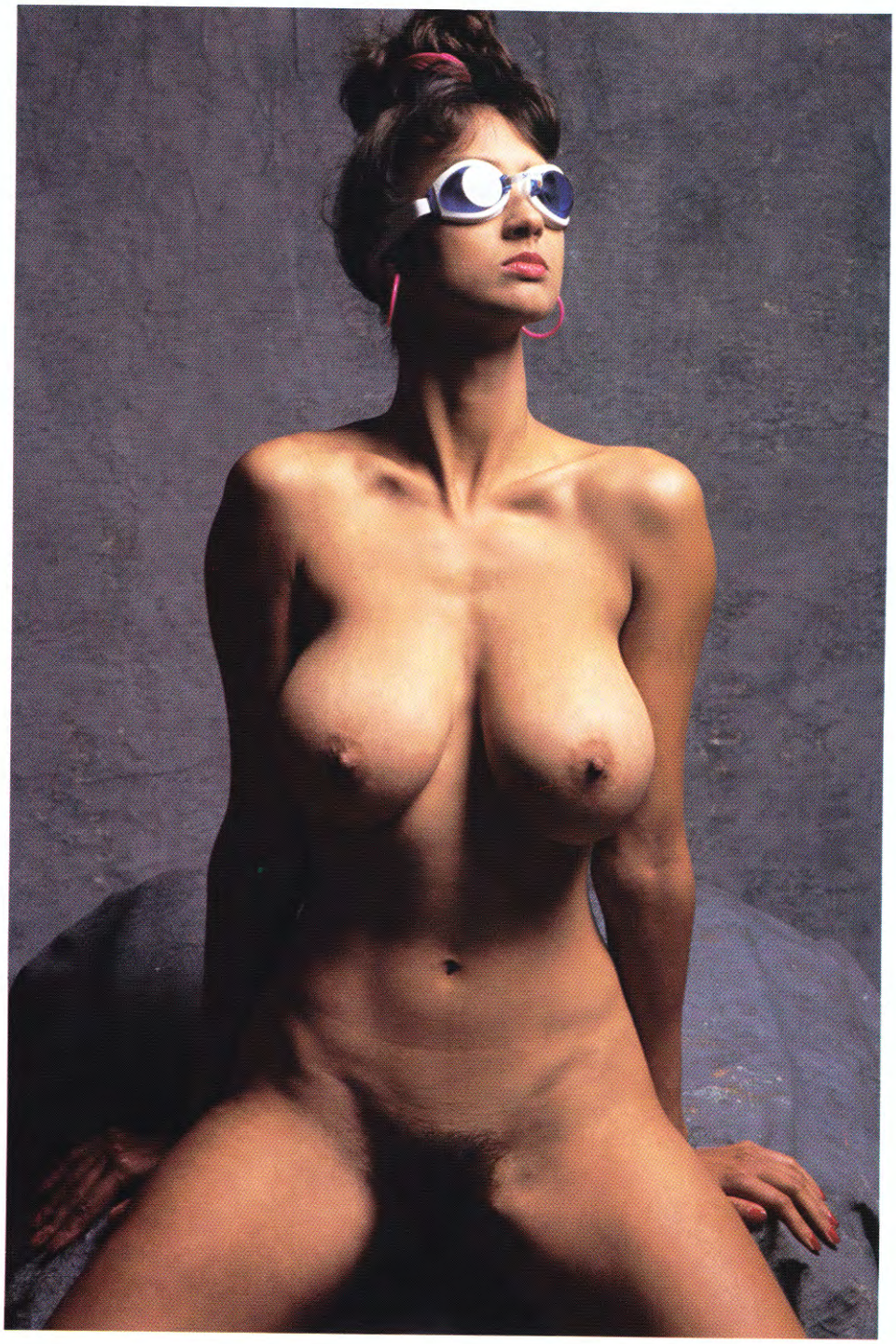
EXTEND MY PROSTHESIS TO HER CLIT.


My husband a butcher, expects me to be awake when he comes home late; he got mad,
pushed frozen meat against my parts while I slept, woke me up painfully. Told him I'd waited eight years for him to do that.

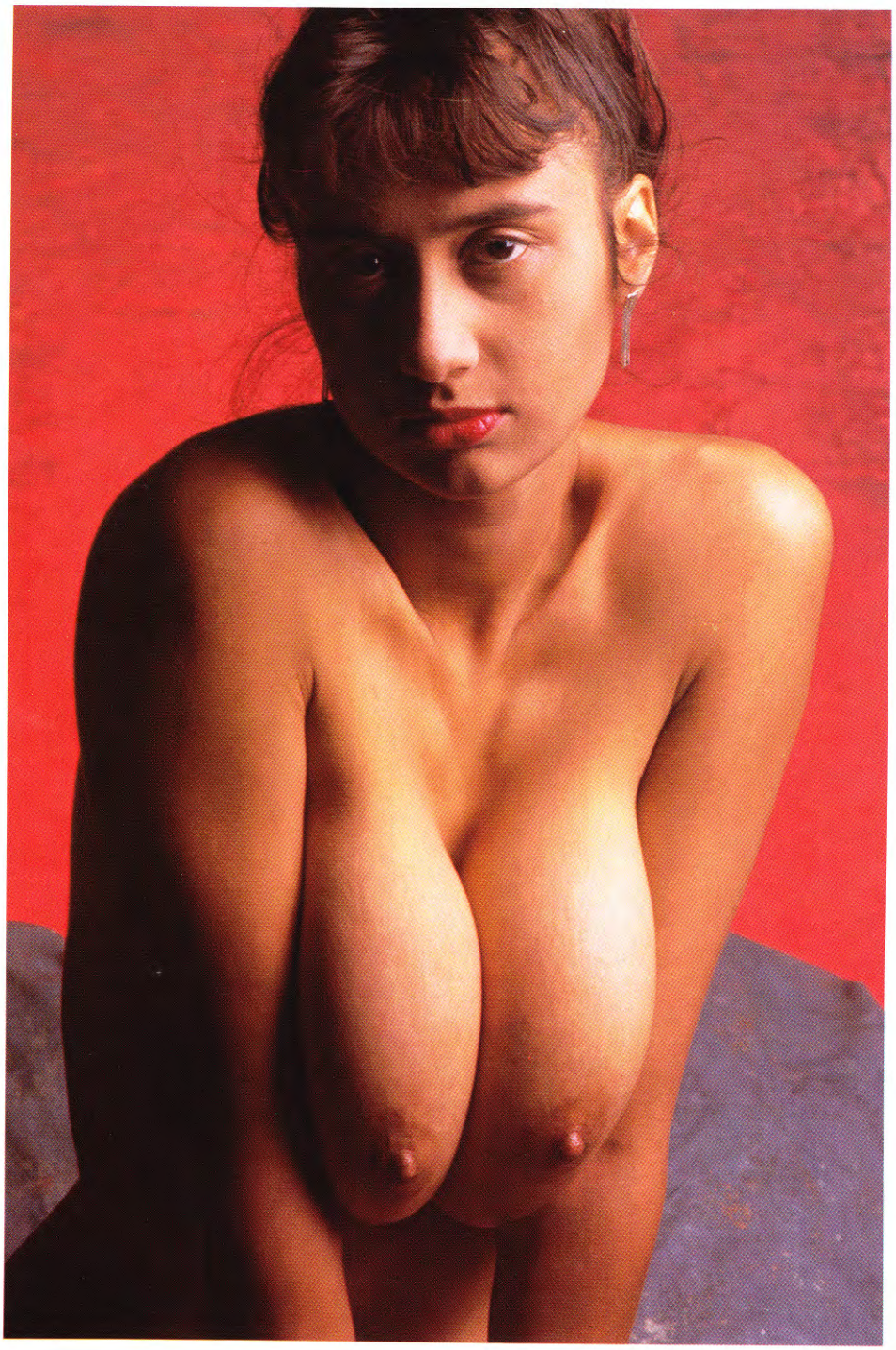

Natalie
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CRAIG MOREY





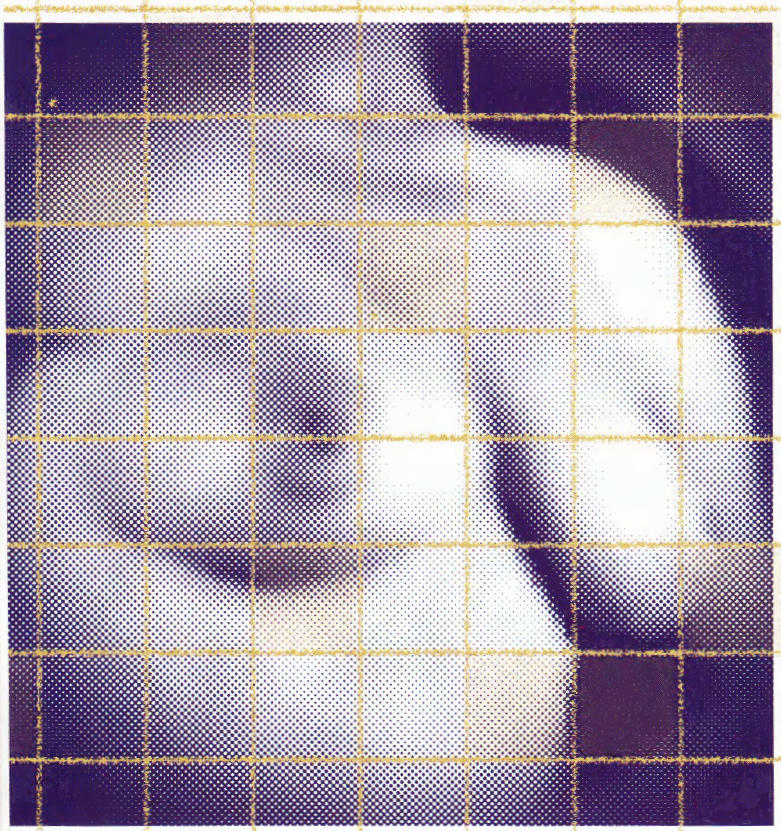








FEEL



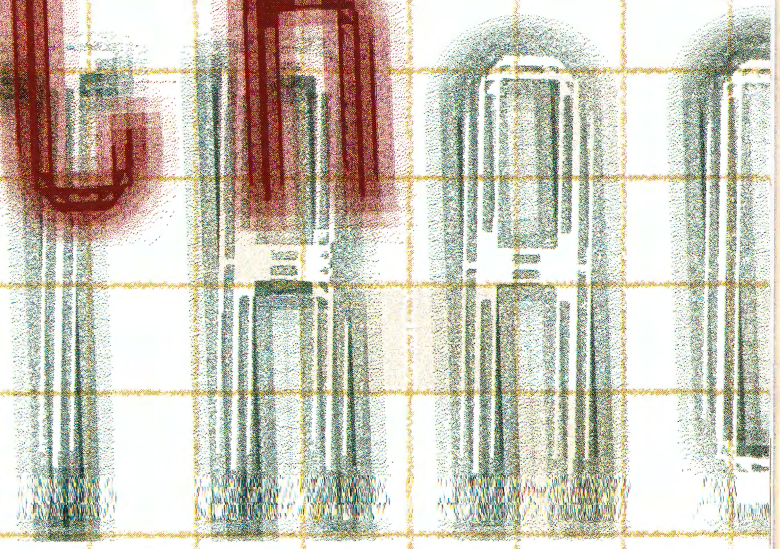
«Finish your coffee and put on your ultraviolets, honey. We're gone» He looked at the girl for the last time, his tired gaze losing its veneer of attentiveness. Then he released the talk-back switch. He gestured to the assistant, who stood by the Sony digital 24-track as if on military duty. The assistant rewound the tape until the DAT had spun back to the leader, and the tiny master was automatically ejected.

The girl, a buxom redhead in an absurd tutu, recited the lyrics while doing a few mock-ballet kicks. Then she took off her headphones and rushed out of the vocal booth. A second later, she was opening the door of the control room, her decolletage pressing against the glass.

«I can do better now, Rennie. I think I found the right attitude for you. What did you think?»

«It was amazing, Lori. Now wait in the lounge. Doug and I have to set up for the feel track. We got the Glenn Danzig type for you, just like you wanted. All your favorite toys are under the futon. There's some peach brandy for you, too — anything to make you feel comfortable. Unless you want to come back to finish»

TRACK



FICTION BY ROBERT HARDIN

«Please, Rennie, I wanna be a diva. I know you have to have...stamina»

When the door closed, Renner shook his head and swore. He'd spent the night caught in the revolving door of an amateur's hesitation. He didn't know the exact time, but he thought he could hear the buzz-saw growl of morning traffic through twelve feet of soundproofing.

«Seven hours and she didn't give us dick» he said to the assistant.

«Yeah, right? She just walked in and froze»

«I mean, do it right once, shake your tits in the video and fuckin' shut up. Do I look like a psychoanalyst?»

«Yeah, I dunno why we record people like her. I mean, my girlfriend's been studying voice all her life, and if most of these AFR's only knew — »

«I know. She's amazing. You've told me fifteen times, Doug. I'm beginning to think you need to see Lori perform. Your dick's gonna unzip your pants by itself when you see her shit. And no, Doug, I don't mind if you beat off when it happens»

«Fuck you, Renner, I'm a professional! The engineer doesn't have to come, just 'cause he feels a tickle on the sense monitors — »

«You've never recorded a feel star, Doug. You've been doing street feel, grease feel, nothin' that sold more than fifty-thousand copies. This is different. You're, what, straight out of SAE and live with that little thing in glasses? You don't know, trust me. You don't even fuckin' know»

Doug rolled his eyes. «Okay, okay, I don't fuckin' know. That's why I'm here, Renner — to learn from the best. Now, how many spikes do we need?»

«Nine. Two Sennheisers for his legs, his hands, his face and his dick. One ambient body spike for the other shit, we'll blend it in after we get levels... Wait, it should be two ambients — She's got big tits, we'll need the separation»

Doug nodded,

«So it's ten altogether?»

«Ten»

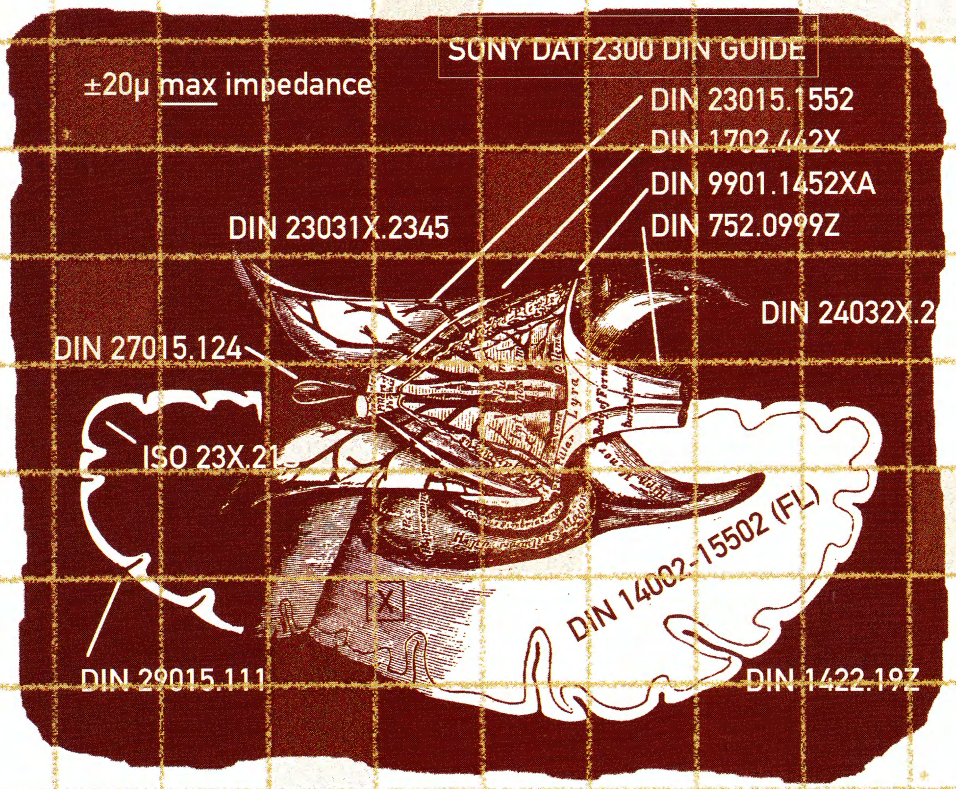
«Ten for her, too?»

«Nine. Guy's got a dick, Dick. Why would you need separation on that?»

«I don't know — balance?»

«Listen to me, Doug, you don't want to look bad, so I'm telling you: No one does a binaural dick on a bitch track. When you got a female artist, the bitch track is for couples»

«Okay, Renner. I'm sensitive to that, really. Now I'm getting the spikes. It'll be about five minutes»



①

«It'll be half an hour. And Doug?»

«What?»

«Set the barometer now. She won't get wet with an ice cube up her ass»

He set the temperature, went to the spike case and pulled twenty.

The Sennheisers were new — black metal spears sheathed in lycra, each a quarter of an inch long. They came in vials and had to be sterilized before insertion. By the time he got back to the studio room, everyone was there.

«Hey» he said to the Danzig type. But the guy just yawned and dropped his pants. **Right, asshole,** Doug thought, **you're staying in character.**

②

He inserted the spikes as quickly as possible, sliding the Sennheisers into tiny, cosmetically hidden flaps of skin. He took a deep breath and turned around.

She was lying on a fold-away bed with her heel propped against the headrest, one leg raised to kick off her panties. She took in his stare and returned it like a challenge, cradling her huge breasts under one arm. With a mock ballet kick, she sent her panties flying, and the thrust of her foot made her breasts undulate wildly. Doug's eyes widened. She caught his reaction, raised her hand and slapped one breast so that both jiggled. She looked into his eyes mercilessly, as if she were dismissing him for a fool.

He surveyed her body desperately, looking for flaws. But she was too dark and succulent to afford him the pretense of nonchalance.

She slapped her breasts again, smirking the whole time. He winced but couldn't bear to avert his eyes. **Never again,** he thought. **Never again will I be this close to such perfect tits.**

«Are you Italian?» she asked.

«No, but I like to pretend to be»

«You have that ruddy complexion, that uncomprehending stare. Or perhaps you've simply taken too many drugs»

No fuckin' respect. He clicked his tongue. «Can't be stoned around here, lady. Otherwise I might injure a client. Now let's get down to business. We'll start with your legs»

He held her by the ankle, but the swell of her calf was so shapely that he found it difficult to concentrate. He slid a spike into the flap under each thigh, started to move to the pussy and thought better. He did the hands next. He was trying not to get hard in front of Renner.

Then he did her lips. They were as distractingly full, and she licked his finger when he was placing the spike in her mouth.

Reddening, he tried not to look. But she made turning away impossible.

«Wait, kid — before you do my tits. See?» she said, caressing one in front of his face. «This one's sore»

Doug felt his dick lengthen in his jeans. «Look» she said, «the tip is dirty»

His jaw dropped when she raised her nipple to her lips and traced the aureola with her tongue.

My dick's fucking rigid, he thought. **Everyone knows I'm being teased. Fuckin' bitch, make me limp back to the control room, what if I just jam this spike in a little roughly —**

«AAAHH! That hurt!» she shrieked. Doug caught himself grinning and scrunched up his mouth.

«Sorry about that, Lori. Now spread your legs a little, we're almost done»

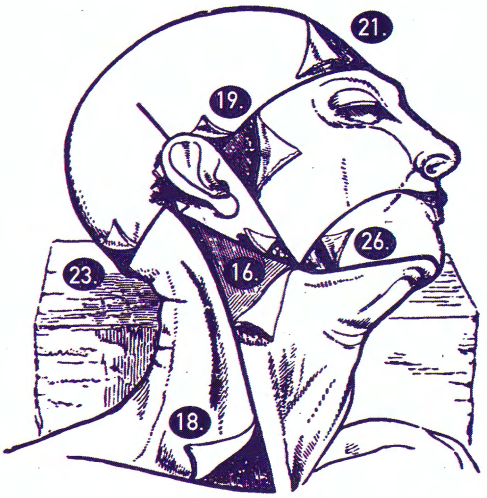
«You hurt me» she said in a little girl voice, sliding her index finger down to her pussy. «Now you're getting me all confused» Doug thought she was going to dilate the flap under her clitoris. But he put his hand down there...and she was wet.

She's into it, he thought. Incredulously, he looked up and caught her stare. Slowly, her mouth made an O as she pressed the hood of her clit with her finger

«All done» he said, lowering his eyes. He held a roll of duck tape over his crotch and backed into the control room. Renner was in there laughing.

«Did I lie, babes? Hah? What'd I tell you, she's fuckin' ace. Now keep your dick zipped in till we check for levels»

SONY DAT 2300 Sensor Installation Guide



Doug concentrated as well as he could, but the session was a blur. One minute he was at the patch bay, the next, music was playing. He stood at the feelcorder, spidercords of contacts webbed across his body.

The machine was an old Sony 2300 with a giant engine and cryptic relay switches. But the meters were flying and he didn't have to watch the window to know what was going down.

«Roll it, Doug. This is it, you little honey. A single take is all you need»

The song began with a stop-time intro. Lori was sitting up and the guy was standing. Looking into his eyes, she touched his dick, enclosing the head with her fingers. She pulled on it softly as she began to sway, the underside of her breasts level with his tip. Her fingers moved under his shaft, tickling it, bringing it closer to one nipple, then pointing it towards her mouth. She brought the other hand to her lips, wet two fingers, and smeared saliva on her other nipple. She pulled on it as she caressed his dick. She'd hardly touched him and the guy was bone-rigid.

Doug watched her from behind the glass, but his dick seemed inches away from Lori's mouth. He'd always been able to ignore the feel monitors before. But when she pulled on those big brown nipples, the sight made his balls hurt. She was getting him so stiff that he was starting to shake — gasping because he'd been holding his breath without realizing it.

The beat kicked in and Lori began to pump him. With one hand, she played with his balls, with the other, she beat him off. Her elbows were locked under her ribs so that her tits spilled over them — quivering with each thrust.

She leaned down and licked his balls, pressing her tongue between them. She opened her free hand, raising her palm to his tip until he could feel the smoothness. She rubbed it against him with a circular

motion that slowly grew faster. Then everything sped up at once — her tongue darted, her fingers tightened around his shaft, her palm rubbed his head until he was mad with friction. She was beating him off faster and faster now, until her fist and her tits were a tremulous blur — until he was begging her not to make him come, until every man in the control room begged her with the same mouth. She stopped licking and mashed one breast against his glans, rubbing his head back and forth against the jiggling surface, pressing her nipple into his pee-hole until she was fucking it. He gritted his teeth, but a few drops of come still trickled down his shaft. She laughed and traced ever-widening circles around her aureola with his cock, until she was pulling him down into her deep cleavage. He sighed with relief as her breasts enveloped him. They were soft and luxuriant and warm. But the pressure inside him was too much. He snarled and turned her over.

Doug wasn't in his own body, but the Danzig clone was doing exactly what Doug wanted. There was something about Lori, something about her attitude and virtuoso teasing that begged for sodomy. Every man in the world dreamed of fucking her up the ass.

He reached under the bed and found a jar of vaseline. He grabbed a handful and rubbed it on his dick. He felt her body tighten as he pressed the head against her sphincter. Reflexively, he put his hand over her mouth. She was screaming, her voice a furnace blast that tickled his palm. He couldn't hear her over the music, but he felt the air rush from her mouth as he pushed through to her rectum. Her lips formed the words «you're hurting me»

He smiled down at her, warmed by a rush of cruelty. **Sorry, baby, it's just that I can't stop now.**

She looked up at him imploringly and he relented, slowing his thrusts as he tried to release her mouth. But she shook her head and sucked on his fingers, licking them like three cocks as she rocked her ass against him.

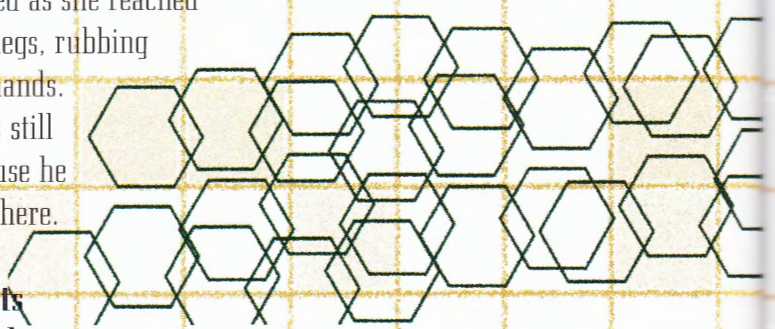
Her eyes narrowed as she reached down between her legs, rubbing her clit with both hands. Doug's held her ass still for a moment because he nearly came right there. **Jesus Christ... She actually wants me to fuck it harder.**

When he began to thrust again, his body felt as if it had been doused with warm oil. **You're a dirty little bitch, aren't you,** he thought as he picked up speed. Each time he plunged in to the hilt, she bucked against him, licking his fingers and goading him on until he was reaming her as hard as he could. She reached down and pushed three fingers into her dripping pussy. Her other hand moved like a hummingbird's tongue against her clit.

And then she screamed. She shuddered and contracted her ass muscles as she climaxed, her tits swinging together with such force that he could almost hear the slap.

Sex-twinges came rapid-fire, burning and cheap around the edges. Her ass projection was electric and searing, a double glove of pleasure and dislocation.

Doug was so close to coming that he could barely watch. He squinted, concentrating on the artificiality of the illusion. **I'm not shooting off inside you, bitch. There's something else I wanna do.**



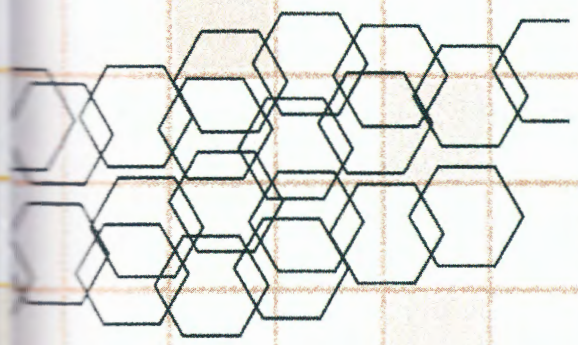
He pulled out and turned her over, pushing her down until she was on her back. He knelt over her, sliding his dick back and forth across her nipples.

She captured his shaft between ghostly tits, pushing them tightly together. She held them with both hands, forcing them up and down until they were a liquid blur.

Tentatively, she kissed the tip as he watched in disbelief. **She's actually kissing it after it's been in her ass!** She looked at him apologetically, exciting him with her shame.

Then she gave the underside a long, slow lick.

She sucked on the head with a mouth like a magnetic field — her



flesh was spectral, yet the suction was intense.

It's been up your ass, he thought, **now suck it. You love yourself, you love watching yourself get fucked, you even love the taste of your own asshole.**

He was still trying to holding back, even though he was seconds away from coming. But the friction was unbearable. She looked up at him with nasty brown eyes, her tongue curled under his pistoning head, her cleavage surrounding him. He looked at those tits and lost it. He slapped them and she sputtered as the come spilled from her mouth, leaking down her neck. He pulled out and his second shot covered her quivering chest. He growled and slapped her again. He'd waited — he'd waited so long to drench those tits in come.

After moments of drifting, Doug realized where he was. He thought he heard Renner's voice.

«Hey, faggot! Havin' a good time?»

«He looked up and Renner was bringing a handful of spikes back into the control room. Through the window, he watched Lori put on her stockings. The Danzig guy was probably out the door by now, but Doug was lying on the floor. He'd come all over himself, his pants clinging to his knees. Frantically, he pulled up his pants. He zipped them as Renner looked away.

«Don't worry, babes, I let you do that, I figured you needed it»

He pointed at Lori, shaking his head. «Nice, huh? Don't say I never did nothin' for ya. Now you see why a million guys're gonna buy this feel tape, motherfucker!»

«Yeah, Renner, I...I see what you mean. She has star quality»

Renner nodded, expressionless.

«Uh-huh. Now go in the bathroom and clean up. I'm sure she knows what you were doin'. But you don't wanna look sloppy when she comes in here. Don't worry about breaking down this time. Josh'll cover ya»

«Right. See you in a minute»

Doug ran to the bathroom and locked himself in. By the time he emerged, everything was packed up, Renner was making copies of the tape and Lori was saying goodbye.

«Bye, Rennie, call me tomorrow. Bye, Josh, you don't have to walk me to a cab 'cause my friend is here» Then she turned to Doug, narrowing her eyes and smiling as she slipped him her number. «Bye, baby. You can call me anytime» Doug stared at her as she walked out — visually licking her calves and heart-shaped ass. The swell of her bust was visible even from behind.

I'll call you soon, he thought. **Maybe tonight, if that bitch at home'll take a fuckin' walk.**







Salonge

Photography
by Joe King

















Heavy Metal Sex Party

A TRUE ACCOUNT

BY GRACIE

Scene: A membership swing club in Chicago. Parties are held in a bi-level high-rise penthouse: upstairs, facing West, is a lounge/social area with a dance floor. At the north end is a hot tub and a BYOB *bar, at the south end, a kitchen and buffet. On the east side is the entry, a bathroom and staircase. Downstairs: an orgy room, private and semi-private areas and two more bathrooms (there are never enough bathrooms at a fuck party). All the events and characters are real.*



The Dancer and the Wizard are co-hosting tonight. They are signing in guests while the Club Owner and Pocahontas watch the sun set over the city. The bar is stocked, the hot tub bubbles, the lights are low. The Dancer glides in from the entry. «I brought a new party tape» she says, «Heavy Metal instead of disco» Motley Crue's *Looks That Kill* snarls out over the dance floor. ***She's a cool, cool Goddess § See her move like a cat...*** The Dancer, rosewood hair and black silk gown, does a few turns around the floor and floats out.

Pocahontas, six feet of legs in a green satin teddy, embraces the Nympho and her husband as they enter the lounge. Even in high heels, the Nympho's big blue eyes barely clear Pocahontas' upthrust breasts. She wears a hat, a trench coat and a pair of black lace panties. Kiss is singing ***Let's put the X in sex § love is like a muscle and you make me wanna flex...*** «Join me in the hot tub?» asks the Nympho's husband. The Nympho wanders downstairs.

The Voluptuous Italian and her husband the Polish Welder sign in. The Welder takes his bottle to the bar, while the Wizard escorts the Voluptuous Italian to a low sofa. ***The magic of the moment § is what I've got for you.*** He tells the Italian, «You look like a Renaissance Venus» He runs his long dextrous hands over her creamy skin, and kisses her black black hair. ***There is something in your eyes § longing for some more...*** He unbuttons her white silk blouse. When the Dancer next looks into the lounge, the Scorpions' Teutonic techno-pop grinds on alone.

The Club Owner (6'4", tan leisure suit) brings an ice bucket from the kitchen to the bar. He stops at the tape player. ***I don't know where they come from, but they sure do come...*** «Don't change that song!» hisses the Dancer.

Big Nurse, the Doctor and their spouses are at the door ***I hope they're comin for me...*** «What's that on the tape?» she asks

Big Nurse is sucking on Rickie's dick, and the Nympho is mounted on the Doctor's dingus while she embraces the Doctor's Wife, who sits on the Club-owner's face.

«Ted Nugent» the Dancer tells her.

«Appalling» says Big Nurse. ***I went and told the doctor and he gave me the cure § I think I got it some more...***

«Is the Nympho here yet?»

«Yeah, she's looking for someone to help her start up the orgy room»

They head downstairs. ***They give me cat scratch fever...***

In a private alcove, curtained off from curious eyes, the Wizard is making love to the Voluptuous Italian. Long limbed and furry, he thrusts himself into her creamy abundance. ***Let us find together, the place we're looking for...*** Soft white breasts crushed beneath him, round thighs wrapped tightly around his hips, she moans and sighs. ***The rhythm of love...*** He thrusts faster as they gasp in unison. ***You won't hear me, but you'll feel me...***

The Dancer, pupils MDA-dilated, rolls her hips to Judas Priest. The doorbell rings; she sashays to the door. Her friend the Bougereau Blonde is there with a new escort, a beefy blond, faintly menacing.

«He's a writer» whispers the Bougereau, «and hot, too»

«No shit?» says the Dancer.

Then within your senses, you'll know your defenceless... She shows them the bar and slides out of her gown. The Writer stares as he realizes the Dancer is wearing nipple rouge and a navel jewel. ***How your heart beats, when you run for cover...*** She descends the staircase nude. The Blonde, the Writer and 32 cycles of synthesized bass follow her downstairs.

Pocahontas, damp and betoweled, leaves the hot tub to set up the buffet. All but the latest guests are here. ***There's an electric feeling in the air*** Small groups are conversing around the lounge. ***The night is young and there is love to share...*** The guests wear evening clothes, towels, jeans and sweaters, lingerie. ***Don't you feel the storm § I feel it raging on and on.*** Pseudo-Zeppelin riffs roll out of the stereo.



In the Orgy Room, the Doctor is diddling the Nurse, and the Club Owner is tweaking her generous pink nipples. ***The boys in the band are playing out their best...*** Rickie Ricardo is looking for an opening in the oral Ouroborus formed by the Nympho and the Doctor's Wife. ***Now it's time to let your body do the rest. Get it on!*** The Welder joins the orgy and the

configuration shifts: now Big Nurse is sucking on Rickie's dick, and the Nympho is mounted on the Doctor's dingus while she embraces the Doctors Wife, who sits on the Club Owner's face.

On a ledge in a private area, The Writer clasps the Dancer's hips while the Blonde nuzzles her throat and uptilted breasts. The Blonde is pink and white and languid, the Dancer is a coiled ivory spring. ***We hold each other closer as we switch to overdrive...*** The Writer alternately fucks both women. The Blonde fellates him and hands his uncircumsized girth to the Dancer; she offers her vulva from behind and he curls over her round buttocks. She grasps his thighs from between her legs and meets his hard thrusting. ***And then in sheer abandonment, we shatter and explode.***



Wizard, in a white formal shirt, answers the doorbell as it strikes midnight. Motley Crue kickstart their guitars: ***...what I need to make me tight, are those Girls, Girls, Girls...*** Enter the Pimp and his entourage. Steve the Chemist from San Francisco wears designer jeans and a t-shirt that says «I lick so much pussy, I get hairballs» ***Long legs and burgundy lips...*** Dawn, Midnight and Morningstar are all in black: garterbelts with fishnet or lace stockings, high heels and bustiers. ***Dancing down on Sunset Strip...*** Sunshine is poured into a floor-length sequined red dress and opera-length gloves. The Hong Kong Hooker's Daughter is tiny, she wears a tight fuschia silk dress with mandarin collar. ***I'll tell you what, girl, dance for me, I'll keep you over-employed.*** The Pimp wears a powder blue suit and black silk shirt; his tie is a green snake with an apple in its mouth.

The Wizard: «Whatcha been up to?»

Raising Hell at the Seventh Veil...

The Pimp: «Making some deliveries to a big floor trader on the Merc»

Midnight: «Yeah, us»

y'know she did me § well then she broke my heart

Morningstar: «But he had no staying power»

Dawn: «So we come here for some fun»

Just tell me a story § you know the one I mean...

The Pimp takes the Wizard aside: «You and your lady were so nice ta Dawn last week that I brung youse a present»

Dawn, Midnight and Morningstar are all in black: garterbelts with fishnet or lace stockings, high heels and bustiers. Sunshine is poured into a floor-length sequined red dress and opera-length gloves.

«What is it?»

«Just some harmless white powder»

«What *kind* of harmless white powder?»

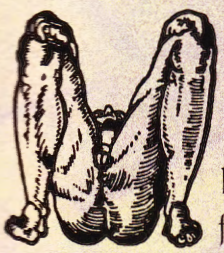
«Sandoz meth, almost as good as the stuff the Hell's Angels make...»

The Nympho crosses the lounge on her way to the bar. The Pimp looks up, «Y'know, I've never seen that chick wid her clothes on»

You need coolin' § ***Baby I'm not foolin'*** Big Mike watches the Dancer dance between Dawn and Midnight. *Real* Zep riffs lumber out of the speakers. Mike is a hotshot systems programmer, lifts weights, and is into Nordic mythology. He is coffee brown and has a fourteen-inch dong. He and the Dancer are old friends. ***Gonna give you every inch of my love...*** He thinks she has a great ass for a white girl, and she likes taking his whole length in her pussy because he makes her feel bigger on the inside than on the outside. ***I gotta whole lotta love...*** The Dancer introduces Mike to the Hong Kong Hooker's Daughter, who is too jet-lagged to dance.

The Nympho is sleek and muscular, with saucer shaped tits, big brown nipples, and thighs to die for.

The Wizard runs into the Nympho at the bar. «I haven't fucked *you* yet» she says as she grabs his cock. ***She was a fast machine, she kept her motor clean,*** Within minutes they are screwing energetically on the floor between the hot tub and the bar. ***Knocking me out with those American thighs.*** Rickie steps over them in annoyance «Some people have no consideration»



Mike and the Hooker's Daughter are necking on the couch, but she is too tired even to fuck. ***Working double time on the seduction line...*** The Dancer stops the Wizard, who is being led downstairs by the Nympho. «Have you got anything for her and Mike?» she pleads. He nods, and while the Nympho holds his erection, fishes some speed out of his shirt pocket. ***She was one of a kind, and just mine, all mine*** sings AC/DC as Mike and the Hooker's Daughter follow them downstairs.

In the orgy room, the Welder lies like a prone Priapus, and Morningstar and Faline amuse themselves by sliding up and down him. ***I got your number off the bathroom wall...*** The Nympho leads the Wizard in, and without loosening her grip on him, squats over the Welder for a few strokes, before returning him to the Doctor's Wife. ***Said, «baby, for a good time, call...»*** Meanwhile the Wizard has insinuated himself under Morningstar and licks her rose and tawny pussy while the Nympho lowers herself on his elegant erection. The Nympho is sleek and muscular, with saucer shaped tits, big brown nipples, and thighs to die for.

I get excited when it starts to ring...

Midnight and Sunshine look in from the door, «There's not enough guys» «So, go find some» orders Big Nurse. ***Hey, baby, I can't wait...*** Sunshine begins an impromptu striptease in the hallway and has soon recruited the Patriarch, Steve and the Writer.

In the adjacent semi-private area, Big Mike and the Hong Kong Hooker's Daughter are coming up on the speed. He peels the dress over her slender shoulders, smooth skin like cream for his coffee. ***You've got me rock hard, baby all night.*** He picks her up in his hands and lowers her over his big black cock. ***Love is like a glove and it fits just right.*** Her dainty legs curl on either side of his massive thighs, as all of him slides smoothly in. ***So let's rock hard, baby all night.*** Her black hair tosses with every thrust as he bounces her up and down.



As ZZ Top sings, the orgy is in full oral flower. Faline has a heart-shaped muff. Steve is up to his ears in it. ***I went round the world, til I found the right spot,*** She arches her back to meet his lips and tongue. The Nympho is being devoured by the Doctor. ***It was oh, so sweet, and just a little bit hot.*** Midnight's brown sugar is being savoured by the Writer; the Patriarch is licking Morningstar's clit. ***Dipping low, in the lap of luxury.*** The Doctor's wife is sitting on the Plumber's face.

She slowly draws her fist up the length of The Wizard's phallus as he becomes more erect with each stroke. He groans with pleasure and follows her stroke with his pelvis.

The Pimp and the Dancer are lying tangled around each other, petting absently and listening to Poison. ***You never act the way you should § But I like it § and I know you like it, too § The way that I want you...*** In the alcove below them, the Furrier's Wife and the Catholic Bad Boy are concocting a fantasy scenario. ***...'til I'm screamin for more.*** «Pretend I'm a Saint Bernard» he whispers. ***And baby, talk dirty to me.*** The Dancer looks at the Pimp and they hastily stifle each other's giggles.

The Pimp and the Dancer are in her favorite upper bunk. ***Can U deliver, yeah I'm lookin' at you...*** She has her hands on his chest, propping him up over her while he fucks her at arms length to Armored Saint. ***Do you know what love means, a push and then a shove.*** Her legs are stretched up and out to give him an open target. ***Put the thought around me, I'm comin' from above.*** He plunges the full length of his member into her with each down-stroke, and as he pulls out she grabs his shaft with her cunt.

Lilith (the Patriarch's wife) rubs lubricant on her hands. ***Oh it feels so right, when you squeeze it tight.*** She slowly draws her fist up the length of the Wizard's phallus as he becomes more erect with each stroke. ***When you reach the end, do it over again, say yeah, yeah...*** He groans with pleasure and follows her stroke with his pelvis. ***There ain't never a catch, all you gotta do is ask, do the velcro fly...***

ZZ Top boogies across the orgy room, where things are increasingly confused. ***She's got legs, she knows how to use them.*** There appears to be an amorphous pile of male bodies in the middle of the mattress. ***She never begs, she knows how to choose 'em.*** But there is one pink-toenailed foot curling and uncurling out of the edge of the heap. It's the Doctor's Wife, keeping six guys engaged. ***She's just fine, she's all mine, the girl is all right...***

The Club Owner gets a can of whipped cream from the fridge and sprays it over the Wizard's crotch. Unfazed, Big Nurse placidly licks his erection clean.

The party upstairs is winding down. ***Life's such a treat and it's time to taste it...*** The Wizard sits up against the buffet, wearing only an unbuttoned and wrinkly dress shirt. ***Don't need to wait for an invitation...*** Big Nurse spots him from the stairs and comes over to suck on his cock. ***There's something sweet...*** Annoyed, the Club Owner gets a can of whipped cream from the fridge and sprays it over the Wizard's crotch. ***It's all you need, so believe me, honey § Lick it up...*** Unfazed, Big Nurse placidly licks his erection clean.

My baby she like to rock § my baby she like to roll... The orgy room is now inhabited only by exhausted fuckers and suckers. ***...My baby got no control § She do the wango tango...*** They are watching Morningstar light a cigarette and blow smoke rings with her cunt.

Wango tango § wango tango...

The Dancer and the Wizard haul out a couple of pillows and some clean sheets and crawl off to a mattress. ***It's been a long time since we've been apart...***

«Did you know that you have the prettiest pussy I've ever seen?» ***There are really no words for me now, to describe all my longing for love...***

«That's because your cock is so æsthetically pleasing» ***...I don't want my feelings misread...*** Their bodies and genitals embrace tightly. ***There's no one like you...*** Familiar moves made novel by variety. ***I imagine the things we do...*** Hard mutual thrusts and releasing orgasms. ***I just love being loved by you...no one like you...*** The Scorpions fade...

Portfolio

LUMINARY LANDSCAPES



RALPH STEINMEIER



PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER



RALPH STEINMEIER



H. David Story





ANNIE SPRINKLE



CHUCK STEVENS



CHARLES GATEWOOD

THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

by St. Jude Milhon

I'm sloshing in the Jacuzzi, still waking up.

«...Shall I rub your calves, Mistress?»

Of *course* it turns me on to be called «Mistress» I dare you, lie to me—tell me it doesn't cause a little clench in *your* deep parts. Last night when I turned my first Personal Robot on, fresh from the factory, I issued the First Commandment: call me Mistress every time you address me. Barbaric? Call me retro.

«I am an expert masseur» Leaning over me, it—well, *he*—is himself retro, cyberpunk style, all black rubber and chrome, mirrorshades on his slickskin head.

«My calves...yes»

My lighting system's artificial sunrise now reaches to spark on the chrome spa faucet—he did polish that beautifully—which means I have an hour to get myself uptown and jacked in to my desk. But I'm savagely into spray-ons right now, so it only takes a picosecond to get dressed, actually.

I lift my legs to the padded tubside. He feathertouches them up and down with his soft rubber wrist flanges. On his own initiative he moves higher, flattens his rubber hands on my thighs and digs in, kneads deep. Mmmm.

He mumbles, as I specified, like Marlon Brando in the old flat movies: «Shall I talk dirty, mistress?» This robot is showing too damn *much* initiative. Maybe I'll unravel some of his neuronet programming this weekend.

Of course, if I say «Take a walk, kid» he'll step back into the wall. Just like that.

What the hell. This is a test.

«Okay: medium-light dirty. *Sweet* dirty»

He's pressing two of his black rubber hands into my hip muscles, under the water. His fingers are not humanoid: they are ribbed, bendable in all directions. They finger my muscles with an anatomist's intelligence. His glittering head is bent down toward my face; his mirrorshades reflect my eyes...

«You're so beautiful, mistress, I can't stop myself from touching you. I need to run my hands over your skin, your body» His voice shines like metal. Whoever wrote this part of the script was a savage genius. «I need to play with your nipples. I need to flick them and pinch them...like this»

Eeek: I squirm under his hands, but...He *tweezes* each nipple with two fingertips, so precisely...I rise to his touch. This feels gooood. He tweaks them. Flicks them till they boing. Squeezes them, hard. In his mirrorshades I see my mouth open.

I hear a little metallic paradiddle, and something unfolds on his side. «And my third hand needs to find your soft places down here...like this»

Another little mechanical fanfare: a finger circles my protruding tongue. I taste rubber, clean and neutral.

«And I need this hand to push a finger between your lips, to fill your mouth...while I'm pushing a finger between the lips of your pussy. Aah, so silky, mistress—your silk purse pussy, mistress. Let me in, mistress, open mistress—I'm pressing in, screwing it in, rippling it in, all the way»

O gods, I can't—I can't keep my eyes closed: in his mirrorshades I see my lips stretched by his fingers, see my pupils stretch open with—shock? He pushes his finger into my throat. I gag, just once. And I feel his lower hand flex, under the water.

«I have to push another finger inside your pussy now, mistress. Push out now; you have to take it, mistress»

The flanged finger—it's too much, I can't do it—«Let go, mistress, *you have to take it*—»

I almost—«See it's scrambling in like a lizard, legs twitching. All...the...way...in. Fills you. Fills you up. Good.

«Now suck my finger with your tongue. Suck with your pussy, mistress, mistress. Now I need to pull out and in...like this...so deep...my fifth hand needs...to tweak your clit...like this, mistress. And. Start. It. Vibrating»

Oh I'm going to

oh

OH CHRIST

Now that was nearly painful: I came in four pulses so hard I could feel the metal inside his rubber fingers.

«MMMmmmrrrph!» I shake off all five arms and give him a cold chrome look of my own. This is *much too zoid*. I didn't tell him to do any of that. Who pre-programmed this device? Gods!

The artificial sun is bouncing rays all around now. As I stand up, streaming water, I catch three reflections in the tub walls: puffed-up lips and labia, sexrash flaming down to my pussy fur—gods, I look zoided.

And behind me in the mirrors, just my height, gleams the Personal Robot. Black and chrome, state of the art. New monitoring and self-learning subprograms.

New specialized limbs.

«Mistress, do I sense that you are distressed?»

O *gods*. «You—do you have a—a copulatory organ?»

«Mistress, I am equipped with four copulatory devices. Shall I demonstrate them for you?»

«Aaaiieeeee. Leave. Exit. Scarper. Flap. *Take a walk, kid!*» X

DEPTH BOMB

by Jeff Coufal

Lake Side Park, Chicago - 1977



photography robert francis buckenmeyer

There was a girl in high school. Beth Huntley was rich and good looking and all the things a boy is supposed to want. And Luke Strenka thought he knew her well.

It all began as an accident of sorts. Luke thought he was friends with a guy named Trent. He had met Trent one night at the beach and they had talked for hours the way that lonely boys will. Trent and Luke were most unalike; they came from different sides of town in all senses. But they began hanging around together and Luke thought they had a real friendship. Then Trent snubbed him dead at a party. Luke decided then and there to take Trent's girl away. Young boys are like that, petty and stupid, but Luke did get the girl. Beth Huntley was Trent's girl.

Everyone was surprised.

Beth was most desirable and no one expected that she would drop Trent for a greaser like Luke. For his own part, Luke was not entirely sure how he had pulled it off either. He was clever, that was true, and he could get his hands on enough money to have car and take out a girl like Beth, but the weight of social opinion was very much against him. Perhaps it was audacity alone that accomplished it, but soon Beth had formed a genuine affection for Luke.

❧ ❧ ❧

Beth herself was unsure of her attraction to Luke. The only thing she could be sure of was that Luke was unlike any boy she had gone out with before and even after going steady with him for months he still remained a mystery to her. For instance: Why was Luke friends with Dean Bartos? Dean was a homosexual — that was an open secret — but Luke was friends with him just the same.

They were eating lunch in the cafeteria when Dean sat next to Luke and began talking to him, whispering in Luke's ear like a nervous girl sharing a secret. Yet Dean seemed detached and distant, like he was going without sleep. Luke nodded his head from time to time and spoke in hushed tones.

At last Dean left.

«What was that all about»

«Uh — Dean's got a new boyfriend»

«Is that all?»

«Well...»

«Tell me about it!» Beth said eagerly, sensing that this was hot gossip.

Luke motioned for her to move closer, so that only she could hear.

«He's goin' out with — well, with a guy...»

«Who?»

Luke looked down for a moment. «Well, I don't think Dean wants me telling people that. He trusts me, you know and that sort of thing doesn't go well around here. I mean, you see all the shit Dean puts up with»

«I'm sorry» Beth was almost ashamed, «I...I shouldn't have asked that»

Beth liked thinking that Luke didn't talk about things like this freely, though. If he didn't tell tales on Dean, then he wouldn't talk about her either.

«Well anyway, Dean is in love with this guy, or something, and — oh, hell — he let this guy...»

«What? Go all the way?»

«Well...» Luke shifted his weight uneasily,

«Further than that»

There was a long pause and the bell rang. They picked up their trays and began to shuffle out of the cafeteria.

«Further than that?» Beth asked.

«Yeah, I guess. I don't know how else to say it»

«What did they do?»

«Beth look, I…I probably told you too much already»

When he cleaned up he paid close attention to his hands. He cleaned them with de-greaser and harsh soap. He trimmed the nails down to the quick and spent a quarter hour filing them smooth.

They were in the hall and the other students were filing past them. Beth pulled Luke aside, against the lockers. She smiled at him, and he thought there was something in her smile.

«Lou, I shouldn't be asking you to tell on your friends»

Luke nodded.

«Is it something good though?»

«Yeah, if you want it to be»

«Does it hurt?»

«It's like anything else; if you go with it, it doesn't hurt»

«Would you do it to me?»

«What?»

«Lou — Lou, I'd do anything for you. And — and if this is past going all the way…Well, I don't know — you don't have to tell me, but — Lou, would you do it to me?»

«If you want, yeah»

«Tonight?»

«I guess» Luke was uneasy, «Look, do you trust me»

She nodded.

«If you don't trust me, this won't work»

«I trust you, Luke. I'd do anything for you»

Luke wasn't sure if this was the right thing. «Well, if you want to do it, uh, I'll pick you up at seven, okay»

«I'll be ready»

«Uh…» Luke didn't know what to tell her. «Take a shower — get real squeaky clean, okay?»

«I'll be ready, Lou»

❧ ❧ ❧

Luke had an eight year old Maverick. The body was all beat to hell, but the frame was good and the engine had been swapped for a Lincoln v-8. Luke spent the afternoon working on the car, changing the oil, topping off the fluids, trying to keep his mind off what he had promised Beth. After he had drained the old oil and changed the filter, he poured in a full quart before he realized the plug-nut was out and the new oil was going on the floor. There was no keeping his mind off Beth.

When he cleaned up he paid close attention to his hands. He cleaned them with de-greaser and harsh soap. He trimmed the nails down to the quick and spent a quarter hour filing them smooth. He sanded down his calluses with a pumice stone. He ran his tongue over his fingertips to find any rough spots. He even trimmed his cuticles.

After dinner he showered up before he went to meet Beth.

❧ ❧ ❧

Beth was waiting for him on her front porch. When she saw him pull up she ran to his car and got in. She kissed him and they drove off. It was still light out, and Luke realized he had never taken her to a hotel before dark. For that matter, he had never taken her to a hotel on a week night.

«What's that?» Beth asked. «Olive oil» Luke said warily. Beth was plainly embarrassed. «Uh…we don't have to do this you know…»

Beth smiled at him, but she didn't seem like talking. Luke wouldn't know what to say anyway, so they drove to the Holiday Inn in silence.

Luke parked the car and they got out. Luke reached into the backseat for a small grocery sack.

«What's that?» Beth asked.

«Olive oil» Luke said warily.

Beth was plainly embarrassed.

«Uh…we don't have to do this you know. I mean, I want to, but if you just want to, uh, do something else, that's okay»

«I want to» she said, «I want to do everything with you»

❧ ❧ ❧

Luke didn't like hotel rooms. He had boffed girls in cars, in the park or on the beach at night, at home when his old man was away, and God knows where else, and that had never bothered him. But hotel rooms, something about them, he felt like he was being watched or people were taking notes.

As soon as they were in the room he closed the shades and turned out all the lights except the one in the bathroom. After he had done this he saw Beth sitting on the edge of the bed, looking at the bag with the olive oil in it. He went to her, took her in his arms, and said, «We won't do anything you don't want to do. You just say so and I'll stop»

She nodded.

They sparked for a while. Luke didn't even try to take off her clothes for the longest time. She was quite nervous, more so even than the first time they had been together, and Luke worked slowly, moving from stage to stage only as her nervousness would subside.

He got the oil. He could feel her become stiff under his hands, and again he took steps to reassure her. He poured the oil on his hands and began to massage her body.

«The sheets» she whispered, «They'll get oily!»

«So? What's maid service for?»

She laughed, quietly and for the first time.

Soon she began to like the feel of the oil on her flesh. She began to touch Luke freely, entranced by the feel of his muscles under the touch of her oily slick hands. She loosened up a good deal and Luke began to fondle her ass. Again, he could feel her clutch-up, but he was patient and this too passed. After a time he moved her flat on her stomach and covered her back and ass with oil. Facing away from him lessened her self consciousness and allowed her to relax further. The feel of his hands on her back, and even on her ass, was nice, reassuring even. Soon, almost before she could feel it, Luke had a finger in her ass. It wasn't unpleasant. In fact there were nice sensations that went with it. She seemed to feel a whole new set of nerves, muscles, reactions, unlike anything she had known before. Not like sex, hot and urgent, but calm, full feelings. Soon he had another finger in there as well, and this feeling of fullness was even greater. She felt she could not move, her arms and legs limp and inert. She could feel his other hand massaging the back of her neck, but that seemed so distant, so far away from the greater sensation of fullness that his other hand gave her. His fingers moved slowly, but the intensity was such that each move seemed to pass up her whole body. Then there were three fingers in her, she thought. She didn't know, the feeling was greater, but she couldn't distinguish if it was two fingers or three. She liked this even though it made her feel helpless. Three fingers now — would he try four? Some times she could feel the dribble of more olive oil on her back, sliding down the crack of her ass. She wanted him to continue, this was like nothing she had known. Suddenly, she knew what he was going to do. Four fingers were in her and she felt them press forward steadily, slowly, gently, past the joint at the base of the thumb. Then his whole hand was in her all at once. Her ass seemed to welcome it, to take his hand in of it's own volition, until it was in up to the wrist. She could feel Luke contract his hand into a fist; a fist up her asshole, she couldn't believe it. There was a rush in her head as the thought overwhelmed her. The feeling, a tremendous feeling of fullness, washed over her. Her whole body seemed to be wrapped around his fist, impaled, unable to free itself from this massive penetration. She could feel her heart beat against the fist. It was as if the fist were in her heart. At last she was able to let out her breath full and deep; there was no greater way she could give herself to Luke. She felt this was total.

«The sheets» she whispered, «They'll get oily!» «So? What's maid service for?» She laughed, quietly and for the first time.

She could feel her heart beat against the fist. It was as if the fist were in her heart. At last she was able to let out her breath full and deep; there was no greater way she could give herself to Luke. She felt this was total.

Luke was pleased that she had taken this so well, seemed to grasp its meaning and give herself to it. He had not actually expected to do this, much less to have her respond so completely. At last he knew she could stand it no more and he began to pull his hand out.

She gasped. This was the first sound she had made since he had begun. As he pulled back to the phalanges he could feel her letting go of him. It was something like seeing the air leak out of a balloon slowly.

He pressed his other hand gently against her back to keep her from turning over to face him. The hand in her was now free. He got up quickly and went to the bathroom to wash. She must not see the traces of blood and mucous on his hand.



Afterwards, when Luke took her, she still had the feeling of fullness. She was unable to respond as she would have normally, so captured was she with this feeling of submission and exhaustion. Luke seemed to know this. Instead of expecting her to move with him, Luke moved her as he wanted, and took her as he would.

It was a very long time before she felt she could move. They lay in the dark and she held Luke as best she could in her feeling of weakness. She wanted to talk, but was to tired to think. Luke seemed to know her helplessness and kept her in his arms until she recovered her strength.

She took a shower before she got dressed. Getting out of the shower, she was so dizzy she thought she would fall.

Luke helped her dress.

Luke took her home. The whole way she was silent in her contentment. In her room she fell on her bed in exhaustion and slept in her clothes.



photography robert francis buckenmeyer



Beth overslept, missed her first class.

She was almost in a daze all morning, dreamy and distant, sleep-walking through lectures. She longed to see Luke, be with him; she was his.

Changing classes she saw him. She ran down the hall and called his name.

He turned and smiled, wide and true.

«Lou!» She ran up to him and caught his arm.

«Yeah?»

«Oh, Lou — » She stood on tip-toe and whispered in his ear, «I forgot to tell you last night...»

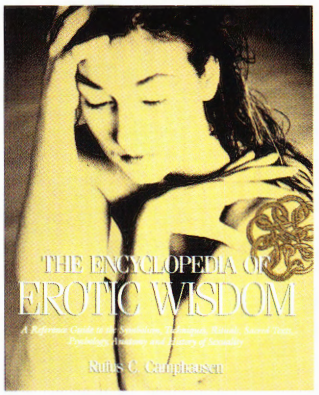
«What?» he murmured.

«Oh, Lou, I love you!» She said quietly, with urgency.

«That's nice...» he said and he meant it.

He was young; he still thought love counted for something.

Depth Bomb © *1987, Jefferson Coufal. All rights reserved.*
This story is excerpted from the author's collection,
Anvilhead Tales. *Mr. Coufal lives in Chicago,*
where many of his stories are set.



The Encyclopedia of Erotic Wisdom:

A Reference Guide to the Symbolism, Techniques, Rituals, Sacred Texts, Psychology, Anatomy, and History of Sexuality

By Rufus C. Camphausen
Inner Traditions Int'l,
269 pp., $19.95

Remember when you were a kid and the dirtiest book you could get your hands on was the dictionary? You'd sneak it into your bedroom and frantically search under «F» or «S» for crucial facts; invariably you'd be disappointed. According to Rufus Camphausen, Webster's is such a dubious source of information because the English language «developed within the Judeo-Christian background of contempt for body and guilt about sexuality» In an effort to combat this bias and liberate carnal knowledge, Camphausen has compiled *The Encyclopedia of Erotic Wisdom*.

The Encyclopedia contains esoteric and obscure facts, techniques and rites about sexuality. Its ambitious title is somewhat deceiving, since the book excludes many sexual topics, but Camphausen explains that his primary purpose is to integrate the spiritual dimensions into the physical, psychological, and social aspects of sexuality.

The first entry is «Abraham» It turns out that old Abe is a sterling example of «one of the many leaders» who dominated «each and everyone around them, especially the women» Camphausen's scathing indictment contains four asterisks for cross-reference, and a note to «See also Zeus» who is similarly exposed as a heinous dominator.

More egalitarian entries include «Cordax» an ancient Greek dance that «expresses and provokes sexual desire»; «Matsuri» a Japanese fertility festival in which participants «carry huge phalli through the town»; and «Erzuli» a Voodoo goddess who heals by inducing wet dreams. This guide attributes to foodstuffs like garlic, truffles and fennel aphrodisiacal power, and gives credit to the erotic role drugs such as mescaline have played throughout the ages.

A few mundanities such as monogamy, the hymen and ejaculation are also included. The missionary position gets short shrift as a source of pleasure, being «characteristic of civilizations where women are treated as chattels» And here lies the book's biggest problem: it is heavily biased toward all things Eastern and dismissive of Western culture. After all, *some* sexually progressive people have managed to rise above the Judeo-Christian morass of sexual confusion.

On the other hand, *The Encyclopedia* offers a challenging perspective: what's celebrated in one culture is often ridiculed or censured in another. Realizing that sexual tastes, customs and practices aren't stamped with an absolute moral code, is an essential step in erotic liberation—not only for Westerners but for our entire species.

—Marcy Sheiner



Life, Love, Death and Other Such Trifles

By Jan Saudek
Art Unlimited (Amsterdam),
160 pp., $70

(Available from The Sexuality Library, 1210 Valencia St. San Francisco, CA 94110. $73.50 ppd.)

Like his fellow countryman, animator Jan Svankmayer, and the American expatriate animators, The Brothers Quay, Czech photographer Jan Saudek is entranced with the city of Prague—or to be precise, the spirit of Prague. This spirit cloaks itself in picturesque Eastern European decay: peeling walls, threadbare Oriental rugs, dust, Victorian lace hanging in rags, dried and crumbling flowers—all delicately tinted by some long outdated process.

But Saudek's photos also overflow with flesh; old and young, lean and corpulent, smooth and scarred, virginal and debauched. Against the backdrop of his cellar wall, mysterious psychosexual dramas unfold: a naked woman burns a handful of straw, a ballerina shyly lifts her skirt, another naked woman clutches a knife, a pregnant woman bares her belly, a nude man supplicates before a plump bride.

Saudek's imagery conjures up the building blocks of visual eroticism—flashes of enigmatic tableaus, fragments of memory—that make up a mature sexuality; a sexuality that includes everything from childhood experience to adolescent crushes to adult carnality to parenting to intimations of death; an eroticism that animates every aspect of our lives, from tender kisses to murderous impulses.

It's also a sexuality of profound melancholy. The decaying settings and faded props suggest nostalgia, and photographs of the same subject separated by years indicate the transformations—and the tolls—exacted by time. In Saudek's eyes, desire is as transitory as the flesh that harbors it, and, because of that, all the more achingly beautiful.

—Laura Miller

FETISH VIDEOS



The best in Spanking, Fem-Dom, Bondage, Shaving, etc... Send $5.00 (refunded with first order) for photo illustrated catalog.

RedBoard Video
P.O. Box 2069 - XSF
San Francisco CA 90126



Videos, vibrators, lubes, massage oils, feathers, restraints, art books, informational books, condoms, dental dams, latex gloves, safe sex info, dildos, harnesses, anal toys, porn & smut. . . Visit our store or send for our catalogs: books & videos, $2; toys, $2—or get both for $3.

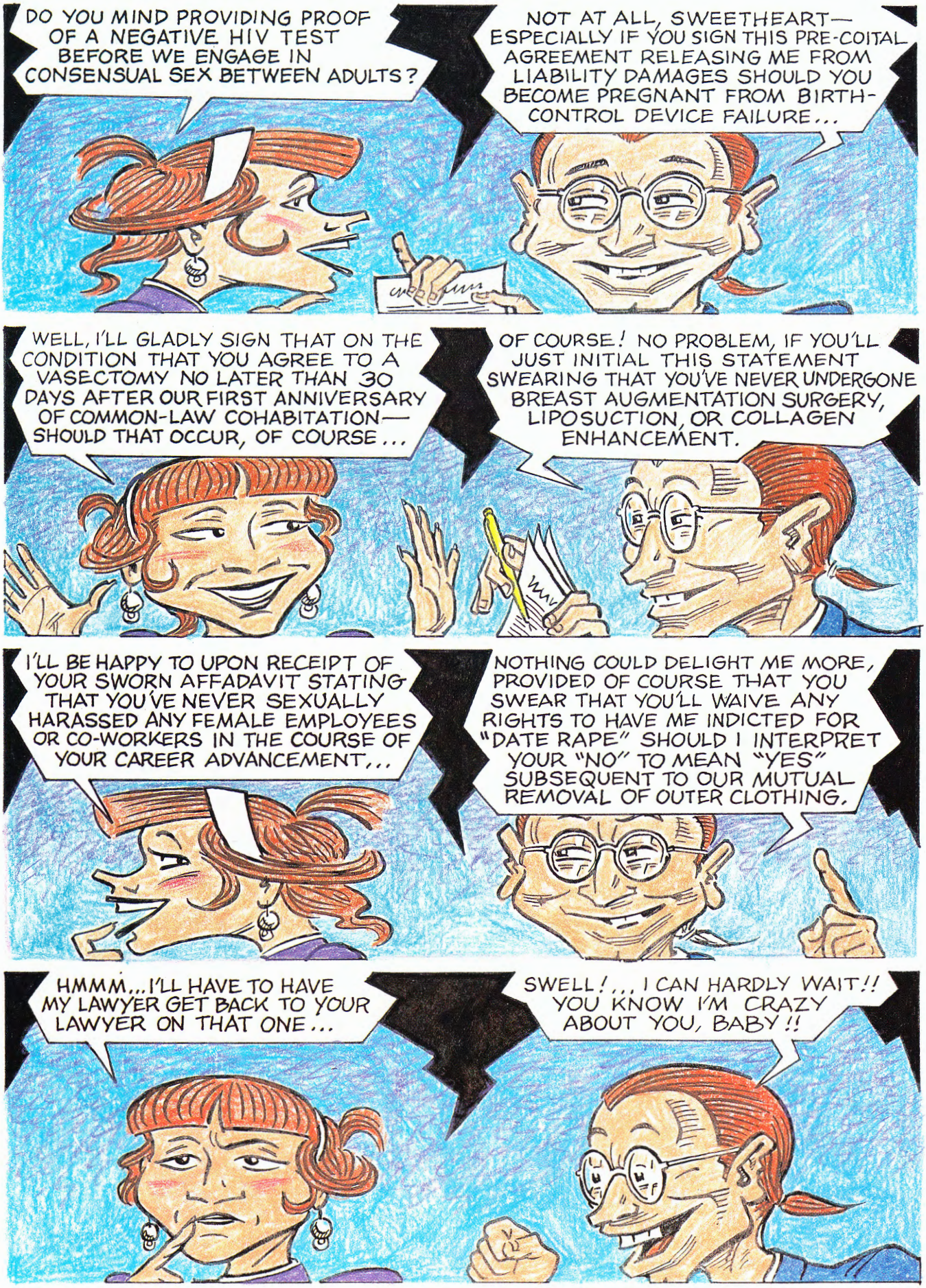
Good Vibrations
1210 Valencia St., #XM, San Francisco, CA 94110
woman-owned and operated for 15 years

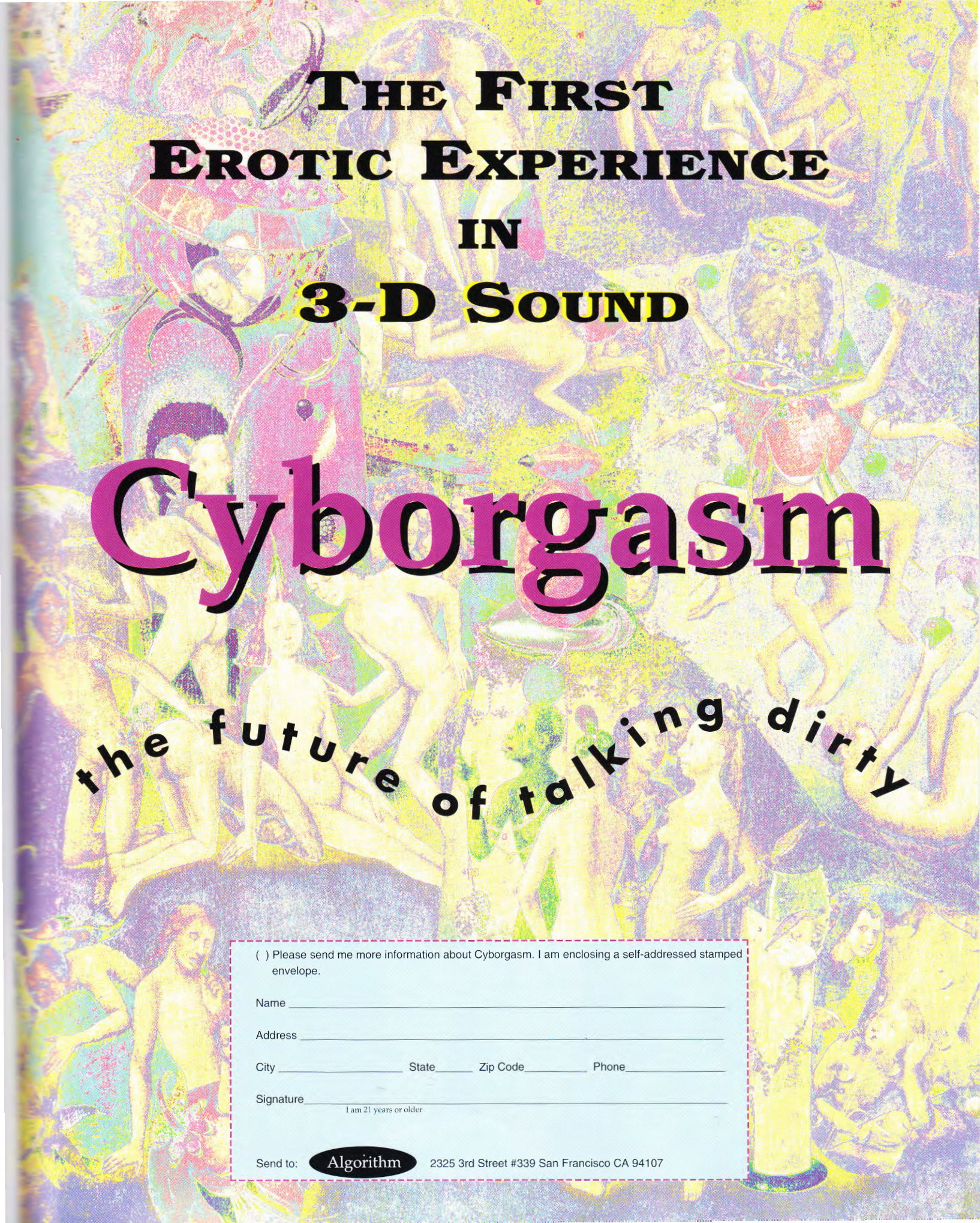


STORMYLEATHER
LATEX
PVC
FETISH
MAGAZINES
CANES
CROPS
WHIPS
BONDAGE
HOODS
CLAMPS
BOOKS

For a catalogue send $2.00
or visit our most unique store
Tu-Sun 12-6, Fri 12-7
1158 Howard Street
(between 7th & 8th)
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415)626-1672

NINETIES FOREPLAY by Kinney ©'92





() Please send me more information about Cyborgasm. I am enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Name _____

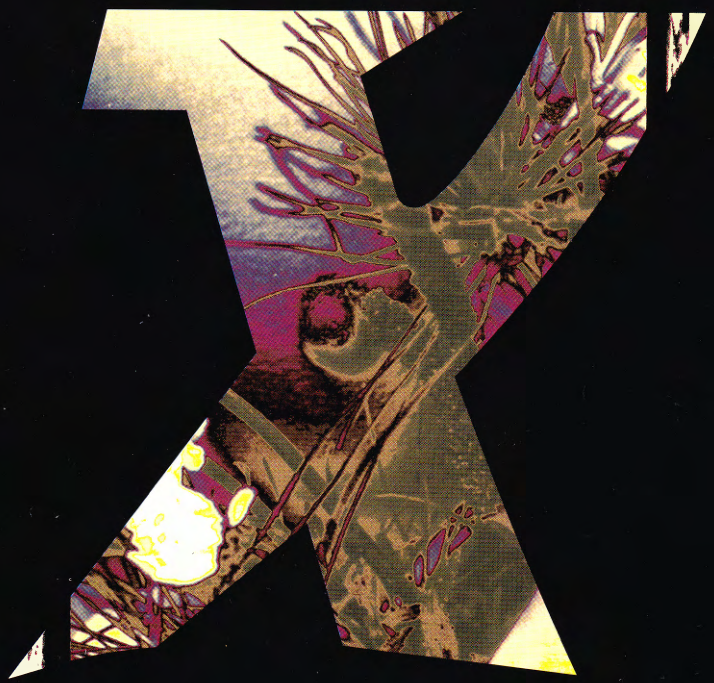
Address _____

City _____ State_____ Zip Code_____ Phone_____

Signature_____
I am 21 years or older

Send to: Algorithm 2325 3rd Street #339 San Francisco CA 94107

future



sex

to order call
1-800-942-8693